

SYRIAN HOME-LIFE

COMPILED BY

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FROM MATERIALS FURNISHED BY

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NOTE.

IN preparing for the press DR. JESSUP'S book, recently published, entitled "*The Women of the Arabs*," about one-third of the manuscript was cut out. That material has been re-arranged, and largely re-written, for the present volume. To it have been added extracts from Letters sent from Syria by several members of the American Mission.

A Chapter on the Civil War has been compiled from DR. JESSUP'S letters to the *New-York World* of 1860, and the reports made to the American Board.

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Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Church,

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SYRIAN HOME-LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE.

THE home-life of any people is influenced very much by the dwellings in which it is led. The discomfort so manifest among the poorer classes of the East, the absence of that cheerfulness and brightness which makes a marked feature in the family relations of many other lands, comes in a measure from the houses in which young and old are forced to spend their days. Among Arabs, as among ignorant races generally, there is a marvellous lack of forehandedness. With Mohammedans this lack is aggravated by the tendency that the Moslem doctrine of fatalism has to

increase the laziness which has been not inaptly described as an original sin.

When Dr. Calhoun was spending a summer in a Lebanon village, he wondered at the composure with which the natives endured the blazing sunshine, unbroken by any shade. One day he said to some of the householders:

"Why do you not plant trees here, to shade your houses?"

"What is the use?" they answered; "we should not live to sit in the shade."

"But your children would."

"Then let them plant the trees." And that was answer enough; and content with it, they sweltered on, as they had for generations before.

The same satisfaction with the past has preserved the architecture, and the methods of house-building, century after century.

One good result has come from the persistence of fashions in the East. By it the very homes and dress, the manners and customs of

Bible times, have been preserved for the study of these latter days. By means of it Bible descriptions and the pictures of ancient times become far more vivid and real. But, for all this, and by means of it, many a discomfort and evil has had an unwarranted lease of life.

Most of the Syrian houses are built of stone. The great scarcity of timber through the land forbids the use of wood. It is said, that in the days of the successors of Alexander the Great, and in the wars of the Maccabees, the Syrian forests were almost wholly destroyed, and that since then the goats and donkeys have persistently nibbled and browsed down the young shoots until the land has become so bare and desolate that now a tree is a treasure, and often a wonder.

Very few of these stone houses are built many stories high. Outside of the larger cities they are almost all low and mean. In Halba, for instance, the home of a good Christian native, whose name is Ishoc Abû Hanna (that is

the father of Hanna), is perched on a hillside opposite the village, above a ravine through which runs a stream of water. It is simply one low room, about sixteen by twenty feet. The ceiling is of logs, smoked black, and shining as if they had been varnished. Above the logs are flat stones and thorns, on which earth is piled a foot deep. This, of course, gives fine rooting-ground for grass and weeds. And they grow there just as in the Bible times, "when the grass upon the housetops withered afore it grew up." In the winter, this earth is rolled down with a heavy stone roller, to keep out the rain. In many of the houses, the family, cattle, sheep, calves, and horses, sleep in the same room. The family sleep in the elevated part of the room, along the edge of which is a trough, into which they put the barley for the animals. This is the *medhwad*, or manger, such as the infant Jesus was laid in.

The houses of the common people, in Lebanon, consist of four stone walls, built of

roughly hewn limestone, with one door and one or two windows, which have a rough board shutter, without glass. The roof is flat, and is constructed as follows: A large log of pine or poplar is laid across the walls from one side to the other, in the middle of the building, and smaller logs extend to this from the walls parallel with it, at a distance from each other of two or three feet; upon these beams small sticks are laid, quite near together, above them are flat stones, which are covered with thorns and branches of trees, and then earth is piled above all to a depth of a foot or eighteen inches. The whole is then rolled down with a heavy stone roller, and sloped a little, to carry off the water, and the roof is complete. In a country so thinly wooded as Syria, it is always difficult to find large logs enough to roof the houses, and small logs will not answer, owing to the enormous weight which they have to support. In times of civil war, the victorious party

always burn the roofs of the enemy's houses, leaving the walls standing, though in many cases they are destroyed, because the heat reduces the limestone to powder.

The house that Mr. Jessup lived in during the summer he spent at Deir Mimas, consisted of one room, a part of which was occupied by the original rock. Another part belonged to the owner as a store-house for cut straw, another part served the tenant as a store-room, where provisions, dishes, etc., were kept. The remainder was used as dining and living room. The bed-room was an apartment, nine feet square, in another house six rods off, up a steep rocky road. In Hums the houses generally have mud walls, and when stone is used, as in the minarets and walls, it is a black rock, that gives the city a very sombre look.

One of the little villages on the great plain between Hums and Hamath, near Kefrbun, looks like a military camp. Every house is

round, and has a wall about five feet high, above which the roof is made in the shape of a sharp cone, and plastered with light-colored mud. In the sunshine the houses look at a little distance exactly like round wall-tents.

Safita, some forty miles up from Tripoli, looks as you approach it like a straggling collection of dark-colored stone boxes covering the side of a hill, at the top of which stand the ruins of the once magnificent Burj, or Crusader's Tower. This great roomy tower, made of cream-colored limestone, was built some eight hundred years ago, by the French and English. But the houses in which the people live now are very mean. They are hardly high enough to stand up in, and are built of roundish boulders of black trap-rock, without lime, and look as if the least jar would tumble them all down. Each house has but one room, and here the people, cattle, goats, and donkeys sleep in the

same room. The doors in many of the houses are not more than four feet high; made low, so that Turkish soldiers cannot quarter themselves on the people. For this quartering of the soldiers is a thing greatly dreaded. Sometimes they are sent to the houses, and ordered to break all that could be broken, and eat all that could be eaten; to beat the men, and abuse the women. And the cruel orders are so effectually carried out, that the people are driven sometimes, as they were at Safita itself, from the village; and in many of the houses, all that they had laid by in store, as provision for the winter, is stolen from them, the wheat on the threshing-floor is taken, and the straw set on fire, by these ruthless barbarians and even the miserable cooking utensils are taken and sold to buy barley for the soldiers' horses.

When Safita was made a mission station with a regular pastor, Yusef Ahtiyeh, the native preacher, could get no house, excepting

one of these dark, cavern-like rooms, with damp floor. So the missionaries told him to occupy one-half the church room. The church on the east side of the village is built of stone like that in the Burj. During Sunday service his things were piled up on one side, where the women and girls sat, though the cradle was left hanging from the middle of the ceiling. The men and boys sit on the side opposite the women. There are no benches or chairs, but all sit on mats spread over the dirt floor. Miriam, the teacher in the same town, was obliged until lately to hold her girls' school in one of the native houses. It was in a low, dark room, with a small door, and not one window. If a person stood in the door, it darkened the room so that the little tots sitting along the wall on the floor could not see to read.

It seems strange that people are willing to sleep in such dark rooms among the cattle and donkeys, and that they are not afraid that

their children may be trodden on in the night. They do sometimes have trouble, but serious accidents are very rare. Mr. Wilson, of Hums, was once travelling near Safita, and slept in a Nusaîry house among the cattle, as it was stormy and he had no other place to sleep. In the night he was disturbed in his dreams, and opened his eyes, thinking that the coarse sour bread he ate for supper had given him the "night-mare"! But instead of that, he found it was only a *night-calf;* as a calf was standing on his breast and looking down into his face!

Another missionary, while going to Hums some years ago, slept at a village called Rat Hill. It was raining, and he could not leave his mare outside; so he brought her in, and tied her to his bedstead. The fleas were so thick that he did not sleep much, but occasionally fell into a doze. Once he was awakened by the mare's breaking the water-jar in trying to drink. Then a cow got her horns

caught in the legs of his bedstead, when search-ng after something to eat among his provisions. Then all was quiet again, when suddenly an old woman in the other corner of the room screamed out, *El feras ammal takul fershetee!* "The mare is eating my bed from under me!" The mare had broken loose, and was exploring for fodder in the straw pallet on which the old woman and the children were sleeping.

Sometimes the sleepers are awakened by strange noises on the roof. In some villages built on the slopes of hills, a street or path will be on a level with the flat tops of the houses below, and the cattle passing by will make excursions on to the roofs, so that the occupants are wakened by the noise of cow-fights and kindred entertainments going on over their beds, and rattling down dirt and vermin.

The natives use the flat roofs as promenades and gathering-places in the cool of the day. In cities compactly built, a person can walk for long distances on the roofs of the houses, with-

out even descending to the ground. The value of the Saviour's advice, "Let him that is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house," can be seen from the fact that in an attack, the safest and sometimes the only way of escape might be by the flat roofs joining one to another. The level space on the roof is used as a place for drying fruit. Mats or dry grass is laid on the earth, and the figs or other fruit is spread out every day as it is gathered. Looking out from a window in the upper part of one of the Syrian villages in the fig season, one will see the roofs below almost covered with dried or drying figs, preparing for the next winter's feasts.

It may easily be imagined that Syrian houses as a class do not furnish very attractive homes to Americans. But besides the trouble that missionaries have in getting places fit for civilized homes, there are other difficulties that come from the superstitions of the Moslems, for they believe that the sale of a building will

be followed by a death in the family of him who parts with it. The obstacles to sale are overcome, however, by legal fictions, just as they are in lands further west.

In 1858, the Mission at Tripoli had great need of a building for a church. They secured one at last, about forty feet long by thirty wide, and quite high, paying for it two hundred and eighty dollars.

The transaction by which it was secured was nominally a lease for seventy years, but was in reality an out-and-out purchase, as thirty years' possession in Syria gives the right of ownership. In one of the articles of the contract it was stated that the parties utterly ignore and disavow all connection with the Mohammedan law, although it was made under a Mohammedan Government. This was because the contract was drawn up at the Belgian Consulate, and all parties agreed to let the Moslem law take care of itself, as it is utterly crooked and involved, and because the

only one who can legally seal a contract drawn up under Moslem law is the city judge or *kadi*, who generally denies his own seal after a week or ten days, and requires the buyer to bring four witnesses to swear that they saw him sign it.

Here are some parts of the contract:

"Reasons of the writing and order of these lines:

"It is this. At the time of this writing there were present at the Vice-Consulate of the Kingdom of Belgium (the Exalted) in Tripoli of Syria, all the signers of this instrument; namely, the Howadji Antonius Yanni, Vice-Consul of America (the Exalted) in Tripoli, and the Howadjis the Missionaries, the Americans, who are found in Tripoli, and they, the Missionary Jerre Lorenzo Lyons, and the Missionary Henry Harris Jessup, of the first part; and Saieed Mohammed and his brother Saieed-Ahmed, the sons of Saieed Ibrahim Shellaby, of the Islam of Tripoli, of the second

part; and all of these in the perfection of their health and in successful business in respect to the laws of the city, made an agreement on the rental and hiring of the place herein described for the term of seventy years. And this was done of their full pleasure and acceptance and choice, and without violence or threats, according to the terms of agreement which follows; viz.:

"1st. Saieed Mohammed and Saieed Ahmed Shellaby above mentioned, according to their proprietorship and right to lease, have rented to the American Howadjis above mentioned the house arched with groined arches, built of cut stone and lime, which is called the *Barkeet* (or great Magazine) of the house of Shellaby, and which is a house of a great arch, and which also has a door and a window on the street, situated in the Greek quarter of the city, near the Birket (or pool) Boottaseeyer, and bounded on the south and west by the Magazine of the Moolah Mustapha Abû

Hassan the Butcher, on the east by the house of Shellaby which leases this house, and north by the travelled street, and on it the door.

"And this is of the *Wukoff* or property standing as an inheritance perpetual in the family and belonging to these two owners, without their sister the Sit Ammoone, or any others, according to the legal division of the property during the year past. And they have the right to dispose of it lawfully. And this on a lease of seventy years, the beginning of the lease to be on the first of June (Western time) in the year of Jesus Christ eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, and this month happens in the middle of the month *Shoowal*, the year of the Hegira one thousand two hundred and seventy-four—a legal lease, confirmed by acceptance and acknowledgment, and by giving up and receiving the amount of seven thousand piastres Osmanli ($280) paid in advance at the rate of one hundred piastres (or four

dollars) a year rental, and ten piastres (forty cents) to be paid yearly."

This last is the yearly tax on that property the family has to pay to the mosque.

"3d. After the leasing of the room above mentioned the room shall become, in all ownership and right under the control and authority of the Howadjis, the lessees, above mentioned, just as if they had bought it by a clear sale, And this authority extends to its removal, rebuilding, changing of the shape, or making it in what style they wish, and this is the object they had in view in leasing it."

This clause refers to some curious customs and laws of Syrian property-holding. There was on the top of the church which the missionaries thus secured, another house of two rooms, which did not belong to the missionaries, but to some Moslems, who would not sell it, and yet the owners of the building beneath had a legal right to remove their building if they wished, and the upper one must take care of

itself. As the Moslems have a great horror of bells, thinking they call evil spirits together the Americans hoped, by erecting a bell on their part of the property, to bring their overhead neighbors to terms.

Then the lease continues:

"And all that they expend in this way, be it more or less, without limit or question as to how much, shall be from their own purse (the lessees), and shall be charged to the lessors as a debt upon them to the lessees, without either permission or knowledge or investigation on the part of the lessors or their successors or any others, or those who have charge of the *Wukoff* (or tax). Nor can the lessors investigate the accounts of the lessees, or what they expend, but must leave it all to the truth and honor of the lessees who keep their account at the American Consulate at Tripoli," etc.

Then follow certain specifications as to forfeits and non-payments and reversion, the statement that none of the parties "are bound to

regard the Mohammedan law, or any objection from it, or any sectarian prohibition," and at last the signatures and seals of the parties, with the names of twelve witnesses.

CHAPTER II.

THE DRESS.

THE dresses of the Syrians, young and old, vary as much as the garments of other nations. The varieties come, however, from differences in material and value, rather than from frequent changes in fashion. In Eastern lands, garments are heirlooms handed from one generation to another, and valued and used in a way which would be impossible under the rule of fickle fashion

If popularity be decided by numbers, then the most popular dress is that made in main of rags. And there are degrees of raggedness in Oriental lands that are apparently unapproachable and incomprehensible in the West.

The ordinary dress of the *fellaheen*, or peasants, is a simple affair. For instance, the little boy Asaad, who brings milk every morn-

ing to the missionary families at their summer home in Abeih, on Mount Lebanon, wears a red tarboosh or cap on his head, a loose jacket, and trowsers which are like a blue bag, gathered around the waist, with two small holes for his feet to go through. They are drawn up nearly to his knees, and his legs are bare, as he wears no stockings. He wears red shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. When he comes in at the door, he leaves his shoes outside, but keeps his cap on his head.

Until recently the Syrian people, men and women as well as children, rarely wore stockings at all. One Syrian gentleman of the old style, in a discussion on Frank manners and dress, held that stockings were very injurious to health. He said that formerly the people wore only shoes, and their feet were tough and hardy, so that when they left their shoes at the door and walked barefoot into a house on the cold stone or earthen floor, they

never took cold. But now the stockings make their feet so tender, that when they leave their shoes outside and walk in and sit down without them, they are almost sure to take cold!

As custom and etiquette inexorably demand that the shoes be put off whenever one enters a sacred place or even a dwelling, it may be that so humble an agency as stock ings will succeed in overturning long-estab lished habits. When health and comfort come in conflict with mere fanciful and superstitious regulations, the latter are pretty sure to go by the board.

The daughters of the *fellaheen* wear plain blue gowns made of coarse cotton cloth, dyed with indigo, and rusty-looking tarbooshes. To these is added a little piece of dirty white muslin, thrown over the head as a veil to cover the face when men come in sight. The Bedawin women, such as one can see any day in the streets of Hums, are wretched-looking

creatures, dressed in coarse cotton cloth, and sheepskins with the wool turned in; these latter are drawn up over the head and made to serve as umbrellas.

Besides the red, black, and yellow shoes or slippers, the people often wear *kob-kobs.* They are wooden clogs, made of a flat piece about the shape and size of the sole of a shoe, though an inch thick; underneath this sole a piece about six or eight inches long, and three inches wide, is fastened at the heel, and another at the ball of the foot. These upright pieces serve to lift the wearer out of the mud and water.

Sometimes these *kob-kobs* are very plain, sometimes very elaborately ornamented with paint, or with inlaid metals, shells, or party-colored woods. Each has a little strap over the toe to keep it on the foot. The boys and girls run up and down the steps and over the paved streets on these dangerous little stilts with great recklessness. They often slip or turn,

and down the children come on their noses, and the *kob-kobs* fly off and go rattling over the stones, and Ali or Yusef, or whatever his name may be, begins to shout, *Ya imme, ya imme!* "Oh, my mother!" and cries as do the children of any land under the like conditions. Shoes and *kob-kobs* are always left outside the door, and may be seen in a curious mixed-up pile at any school-house. Outside are the shoes, inside the children, boys or girls, as the case may be, sitting cross-legged on the floor, in the way Arabs generally sit, rocking to and fro, chanting at the tops of their voices the lessons from the Koran.

The better-dressed children wear clothes of more costly materials and richer colors. Sometimes they have white turbans, instead of the *fez* or red felt cap. The indoor dress is often very rich. At a party in such a place as Tripoli or Beirût, the ladies will be dressed in the most elegant style, in silks and satins and velvets, embroidered with gold thread and

pearls, and their arms and necks loaded with gold bracelets and necklaces set with precious stones, and on their heads wreaths of gold and silver work, sparkling with diamonds, and fragrant with fresh orange-blossoms and jessamine. The little boys and girls, too, are dressed in the same rich style among the wealthier classes. Pearls are worn in Syria by young and old, and are greatly admired. And the nurses, and the poor mothers even of the Bedawins, sing to the children of them. One of their nursery songs is:

> "I love you, my boy, my brother,
> With flowing robes and with curls;
> You're worthy far more than another
> A network of glistening pearls."

Another is:

> "You are big and as bright as a pearl,
> My boy with the raven curl;
> Come ye and join in my song,
> Oh, come ye and join in my prayer,
> That Allah his days may prolong,
> And that he may be noble and fair."

Arabs have a great fancy for rings. Many

children wear, even around their ankles, little bands like bracelets, filled with tiny bells, so that when they walk they make a great tinkling. Bedawin mothers sing:

> "Come, little Bedawy, sit on my lap;
> Pretty pearls shine in your little white cap;
> Rings are in your ears,
> Rings are in your nose,
> Rings upon your fingers,
> And *henna* on your toes."

The *henna* this song speaks of is used by the natives to dye their hands, feet, and finger nails, when a wedding or festive occasion occurs in the family. The nurses sing:

> "Come, come, father, come,
> Bring the henna on your thumb;
> Come, my uncle, lest I grieve,
> Bring the henna in your sleeve;
> Come, my cousin, good and bland,
> Bring the henna in your hand."

Here is another nursery rhyme that speaks of it:

> "Paint one hand with henna, mother;
> Paint one hand, and leave the other;
> Bracelets on the right with henna,
> With the left give drink to Henna."

Often the young men have pictures and various devices, like palm-trees, tattooed on their arms. One of the songs refers to the custom, and adds a touch of the vindictiveness that the Arabs delight to put into the songs for the children:

> "My brother is tall like a pasha in state,
> And on his right arm are blue palm-trees eight.
> If any one slander our darling, our pride,
> Then kill him, O father, his money divide."

The Bedawins especially are very fond of ornamenting themselves by tattooing. And they apply it not merely to the arms, but to the face and whole body. After the civil war in 1860, a little bright-eyed girl from Hasbeiya came to the house of the missionaries in Beirût who had charge of the relief fund. Her father and brothers had been killed in the massacre at her native village, and she was carried off by the Arabs of the Hûleh as a captive. In order to compel her to remain among them, they tattooed her forehead, nose,

lips, and cheeks, with a dark-blue dye, in their peculiar style. After remaining among them for about six months, she escaped across the mountains to Tyre, and thence by boat to Beirût, where she found her mother. It was a happy escape, but the marks on her face would be counted a great disgrace to a Christian girl all her life.

Besides the ornaments made with pearls and precious gems, a very favorite head-dress is made of strings of coins linked together, twined in the hair, and hanging down the neck and by the cheeks. These chains are heir-looms handed down from one generation to another, and are counted very precious. It is very probable that the piece of silver lost by the woman of whom our Lord told in the parable, was sought for, not merely because of its intrinsic value, but because it was an old family treasure.

One of the most noticeable parts of the out-fit of an Arab is his armament. In the cities

and larger towns, where society is more peace-able, the men go often unarmed. But a sight which is very frequent in the mountains and the country back from the cities, is that of men loaded down as if they were walking arsenals. When a boy is to become a derwish, a kind of Mohammedan monk, he carries about with him a short iron spear as a badge. But the men carry firearms and weapons, in confusing and useless numbers. The visiting costume of Sheikh Ghalib, who dwelt on the plain a few miles from Tripoli, included two silver-headed horse-pistols, a sword, a dagger, a double-barrelled gun, and a short carbine.

This Ghalib is the man who gave Mr. Lyons a sheep, as an expression of his love for the gospel, and afterward wanted Mr. L. to marry him to some relative of his, contrary to the laws of his own sect. His black moustache was long, and curled at the ends, his eyebrows shaggy and dark, and his whole look with his warlike accoutrements was fierce and terrific

He had six brothers as warlike as himself, and he offered, if the missionaries would marry him to that girl, to make them all Protestants, and then they could build up a sect very fast, as they were all government mounted police!

The weapons of an Arab are not only valued as a means of adorning the person and impressing the beholder, but they furnish a protection often very much needed in the lonelier parts of the land and among the wild and lawless people. An affecting incident occurred some years ago in connection with the distribution of Bibles, when a sheikh in the town of Mahardee, north of Hamath—having bought six copies and paid for them with mats—at another time, having nothing else to spare, gave for one his sword, a weapon which in that rude region had often been his only protection.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILDREN.

ONE of the deepest convictions in the mind of an Arab is that any man is immeasurably superior to any woman—that women are fit only to be despised. The rejoicing over the birth of a son is matched by the grief with which a daughter is received into the world. In Kesrawan, a district of Mount Lebanon near Beirût, the Arab women have a proverb, "The threshold weeps forty days when a girl is born." The women gather about and condole with the mother, and say, *Sheo bedna namil*, "What can we do? If we have a little baby boy, we expect him to grow up and ride a fine Arab blood-mare, and have a house, and be honored, or be a rich merchant or a *kadi*, and own olive-trees and mulberry orchards, and

wheat-fields. But if we have a baby girl, she is nothing but a girl anyhow. Her brothers will beat her and curse her; her father will abuse his wife for having a girl baby; and when she grows up, if she marries, she will be beaten by her husband and have to drag out a slave's life, and know nothing more than the cattle or the donkeys."

Boys are trained to abuse and oppress their sisters, and girls are taught that such treatment is the only kind they have any right to expect. The women carry the burdens, and grind the grain in the hand-mills. They are sometimes yoked with cattle and donkeys before the plough, and driven, as the other beasts of burden are, by a sharp goad. Part of their daily work is to bring water for the household uses.

All the water in the Syrian villages is brought to the houses by women and girls, in earthern or copper jars, carried on their heads. At sunset they assemble at the foun-

tain awaiting their turns, and they often have high words, and then blows, and sometimes very serious quarrels arise from these disturbances.

In Hums, the women go, not to the fountains, for there are none, but to the reservoir. The city is by the river Orontes, though on ground higher than the river. The Arab name for the river is *Nasy*, or the Rebel, from the impetuosity of the waters. At Hums and Hamath the swift current turns huge water-wheels, called *naooras*. That near Hums is nearly thirty feet in diameter. One of those at Hamath is nearly sixty. The river turns the wheel, which, as it turns, dips up the water in small buckets fastened to it on one side; and as these come round to the top the water falls off into an aqueduct, and by a small canal is taken to the city.

The very songs sung at the cradles teach the boys rude manners toward all women, and for that matter, toward all their betters.

Here are some of them, sanguinary as usual:

"The Sultan's son sits in the door,
Eating an apple green and sour.

"Swing him till he burns,
Swing him till he drown;
Every time he turns,
Shout it through the town.

"Whoe'er will not get down
When 'tis time to halt,
May he have a fall,
And his liver turn to salt!"

"Spin a thread, and let us play;
Eat your supper, come away;
He who will not leave his book,
Hang his father on a hook!"

Here is a slighting nursery song they sing to the girls:

"O baby girl, your brother here
Will never let me hold you dear;
May he be rich in bags of gold,
May he be young e'en when he's old!
And to pray for his good I will always remember,
From the first of July to the last of November!"

Indeed, the feeling among the Arabs is that the birth of a girl is a great misfortune; and all people unite in making it a misfortune, at least to the girl. One of the sad parts of the story told in a later chapter, the narrative of Miriam Kundaluft, the first Protestant in Hums, is the account of the threats and severity by which her brother Asaad tried to keep her from visiting the missionaries. He threatened to beat her and drive her from her home. And if he had carried out his threat, the unwritten law of Syria would have justified his right to do it.

But even among these boys there have been some who have shown the power of true religion. Some of the shepherd boys are very stupid, but they do their work well. They never go to school, and when night comes they are tired out and go to bed early. There was a little shepherd boy in a village east of Sidon, who learned the gospel in his village, of a Protestant named

Murad. When he went out with his flock to the mountains, he preached to the shepherds and goatherds, and begged them to obey the gospel, to give up lying and swearing, and to love the Saviour. One day he came down to the village, and said to Murad, "*Ya Sidi*, these shepherds won't hear the gospel. But *one* of them will. I *fastened to him*, and would not give him up, and now he likes to hear." There is some hope of such a shepherd boy as that.

Another little boy named Scander went to the school in Ghurzûz, and learned almost the whole New Testament by heart. Then he was attacked with ophthalmia and became blind. His friends thought he might be cured, and brought him down to Beirût on a donkey, and Dr. Van Dyck received him into the "Brown Hospital." As he sat day by day on his bed, he talked and preached to the sick men and boys, and repeated whole chapters of the Testament to them.

Who can tell the amount of good that little boy may have done during the long weeks he spent in the hospital?

Some of the more intelligent of the Syrians begin to see the necessity of educating the girls. In a letter, given in full in Chapter XVI., written by Hassan Hamady, one of the Druze Begs of Mount Lebanon, dated Kolat el Husn, July, 1872, the writer argues quite at length in favor of it. His words are confirmed by his sending his daughter, Lotifeh, to the Beirût Seminary.

But after all, nothing has done or promised so much for the girls and women of Syria as the Christian influence of missionaries and teachers.

Under that influence, many of the little ones at the schools have developed great strength of character, and carried their point against opposition by their patient consistency.

Five years ago there was a little Moslem girl in the school, named Bulkîs, the name

the Moslems give to the Queen of Sheba. One day she went home and sang in her father's hearing the Arabic hymn, "Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our Saviour King!" He did not like it at all, as he did not wish her to learn Christian hymns; and he came at once to the teacher and told her not to teach his daughter any more such hymns. She told him that she was not obliged to learn them, but she heard the other girls singing, and *would* learn them, and no one could stop her. If he wished to remove her, he could do so, as he paid for her tuition, and could do as he pleased. He did not take her out, but forbade her singing any more. The next Friday, at the public exercises of the school, all the girls sang but Bulkîs, who held her lips compressed, as if she were determined that, however much she might sing *inside*, no one should hear her voice. This she kept up for some time; but one Sunday, as Dr. Jessup was sitting in his room,

he heard a little voice singing most sweetly under his garden wall in the effendi's yard He stepped across the garden under the pepper-trees, and listened. There was little Bulkîs sitting behind the stairs of the effendi's house, singing in *English* the hymn, "Come to Jesus, just now;" and after that time, whenever the girls began to sing in the school, she joined in with all her might. Her father found it to be of no use to try to stop her.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHOOLS.

A COMMON school education in Syria and indeed in most Mohammedan countries, consists mainly in learning the Koran by rote. It is surprising to see what proficiency some of the scholars attain in this parrot-like exercise.

In a Syrian school, the pupils are all seated cross-legged on the floor. They swing back and forth, like the old-fashioned Chinese toy mandarins, and all scream together at the top of their voices. The *Mŭallim*, or teacher, who is very often a blind man, sits on one side with his *asa*, a long stick, the sceptre of his authority and the rod of justice. Each scholar holds in his hand a book or tin card. No alphabet is used; the words are learned from sight. They study aloud; and when one stops, the blind

sheikh misses the voice, and the long stick comes to remind the delinquent of his duty. When a boy comes up to recite he has to shout loud enough to be heard over all the din. The general result of such instruction in the sacred writings is that they are held as sound signifying nothing.

The work of the American missionaries has been conducted on the theory that the first and most important duty is to preach the gospel; and that it is Christian truth, and not secular education, nor any civilizing agencies, that save men and nations. To bring the truth to bear on the minds they seek to influence, has led them to much painstaking thought and labor in establishing schools, where, with the elements of a secular education, religious knowledge might be imparted. Appreciating the relation and influence of woman in the family, and the woful ignorance of Arab women peculiar attention has been directed to establishing schools for girls.

This has been verily a work of patience and labor of love. The following account of the establishment of a school which has proved to be one of great importance, will serve as a specimen of the methods followed, and will show the need there is of teaching and the success that followed labor.

A Scotch lady, a member of the mission, undertook to open a school for Moslem girls. Meeting some of them one day, she questioned them, till they confessed that they could not learn, because there was no school for them, and secured from them a promise that if she would open one for them, they would all come. Then her account goes on: "I asked, 'How many?' and they began to count round among their friends, and said, 'Fifteen or twenty, or more.' The bargain was struck. I said to them, 'Bring me fifteen to-morrow, and I will begin a school among you.' '*Tayib*' (Very good), was the reply; but it was said, by some,

as if they only half believed me. The thought seemed quite new to them.

"On the morrow, when the appointed hour came, I sallied out to meet my new friends. Do any of my young Christian friends wonder whether those girls kept their word? Just come with me for a little, and see. Fancy yourselves in a large garden, set out with mulberry-trees, and studded here and there with houses, one or two stories high, with several families living in each. Turning the corner of the house in which I was living, a dozen steps took me to the place appointed, where but two girls were seated on a mat, making buttons. Of these they had to make one hundred and twenty for two pence, which took them from sunrise to sunset. On this most of them tried to live. Badia, a motherless child, about eleven years of age, the principal one who had spoken to me the day before, and Fatoom, about the same age, rose up, and gave me a hearty welcome. The

others whom they had invited were within call, and were soon brought together. Looking upward for further wisdom and grace, I sat down on the mat, and began to teach them A, B, C, in their own language. We had not sat there long when we were invited into one of the houses, and soon we had a flock of mothers and children around us. I was greatly encouraged by one mother, who had been taught to spell her letters by Mr. Bird's father, and who seemed to have a pleasant memory of those early days. Others seemed to laugh at the idea of teaching their girls, and were not a little astonished when nine out of fifteen mastered the half of their A, B, C, and a verse of the hymn, 'There is a happy land.' They seemed to sing it with sweeter voices than I had ever heard from children in this country. This I thought enough for the first day; so appointing an hour for the morrow, I left, thanking Him who is ever ready to help the weak.

"Washing-day, and the rain coming through the roof, prevented us from meeting in the same house; so we found shelter in another. By this means we met other strangers, and more scholars. We had an hour's sewing, and I am sure it would have been an amusing sight for any little girl at home, as not one of them knew where to put her thimble, or how to hold her needle. Many of them seemed to be left-handed; and even now I sometimes find them sewing as nimbly with the left hand as with the right. But, ten months having passed since the school was opened, they are much improved. They are now able to take in work, and the little we get helps to supply us with needles and thread. The rule of the school is, that they must know plain sewing and knitting before any fancy work is put into their hands. It was only the other day that Badia said to me, with something like love and gratitude on her face, '*Ya malimti* (Oh, my teacher)

when I came to you I could not hold my needle, and now I do all my father's sewing.'

"But to return to the second day of our work: I took the Bible with me, feeling I must begin as I meant to end. When the children had finished sewing, they sat in two rows on the mat, while seven women sat round a little charcoal fire, making buttons I opened the Word of God, feeling I was either to be approved or cast out. I shall never forget how, with fear and trembling, I read the Word that day, beginning with the first chapter of Genesis. They were interested to hear how God had created the world, and the simple way I taught the children to answer what God did on each day. Encouraged by this, I turned to the sixth of Matthew, and said to the elderly women present, 'I mean to teach your children a little prayer, but will first read it to you. If you disapprove of it, I will not teach it. I felt it was

wholly in the hand of God the Spirit; a few questions were asked, and they all agreed it was very good. From that day to this it is repeated morning and evening; the Bible is read every morning, and questions from the portion read are taught, and answered by the children.

"In the beginning we were for two weeks driven from house to house, by the rain coming down upon us, or some other cause, and by this means mothers, children, and teacher became acquainted with each other. At last we got a room, of which a kind friend offered to pay the rent, and I was able to get an assistant from the Prussian Deaconesses' Institution. I have been able to give her but a small salary, yet she has continued faithfully with me from the beginning; her name is Fareedy Saba.

"Our number soon increased to forty, fifty, and sixty, and then we refused to take more, from want of room. As they were all A, B, C

scholars, it was pretty hard work at the outset. It was both cheering and encouraging to see the interest the mothers took in their children. The school-room windows being open, the sound of the children singing was heard at a little distance, and you could see mothers and grandmothers, with their children, boys and girls, all taking a quick step to be at the window before the hymn was finished. Most of them remained till we had read the portion of Scripture. When the questions had been answered, we again sang a hymn, the Lord's Prayer was repeated, the lessons for the day began, and then the others retired from the window. The children have been taught to repeat the fifty-first and ninetieth Psalms, which we often repeat when the mothers and friends come to visit us. Only once have I met with a little opposition from without in regard to teaching them to repeat the Lord's Prayer; but by a little plain-dealing we over came it, with the help of the Lord. The chil-

dren are much improved in their outward appearance, and some of them can spell out and read their own lessons, and write short sentences on the slate. I hope soon to give them paper to write on. I am obliged to make it a free school, as it is the poorest of the poor I labor among, who are also the most bigoted. Some have even to beg their bread on the Friday to last them for the next week. They are, for the most part, anxious to learn, and often come a little earlier than I care to see them. Our number is at present fifty-four, and although they do not come every day, I can count on seeing them all three times a week. Since our school was opened, many Mohammedan girls are in attendance on other schools, and the lady of a Moslem sheikh has as many as sixty scholars, whom she teaches to sew. As those are of the better class, she gets them to pay, some one florin, others two or four florins a month. Surely it is encouraging to see such an interest in education here

and I doubt not the Lord will turn it to his own glory. The seed which had been sown by the American Mission during so many years is surely taking root and springing up. May their souls be refreshed by seeing their labors crowned with more success! I have but lately entered the field, and feel I have done but little to help them. If God spares me, I will do what I can, having but one motive in coming among this people—'to know Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.'

"In going about, one meets with much that is interesting, but too tedious to write. I met a boy the other day, who, when he saw me, began to sing one of the children's hymns. I stopped and asked him where he got it. He promptly replied, 'At your own school-room window.' He has come since to have a lesson twice a week, with a few other boys. One sees the need of sowing beside all waters, not knowing whether this or that may grow."

One most effective way of introducing

Christian truth to the minds of the people, is by teaching the little ones to sing Christian songs.

The voices of the Syrian children are sweet, and they seem to have a quick ear for music, and learn their own or foreign tunes very readily. And one of the great attractions of the Beirût school is the hearty singing of the four hundred children. The national airs of the Arabs are many of them plaintive; and though they seem strange at first to foreign ears, they are universally known and loved by the people. In some cases, translations of American hymns are sung to the tunes used in the American Sunday schools. In others the best Arabic tunes have been appropriated to sacred use. One of them is the Turkish national air, which is generally sung with the hymn, "Just as I am."

It has proved to be the part of wisdom for foreign missionaries to adopt and adapt everything native which is available in this depart-

ment, in every land and language. The national airs of a race like the Arabs will live when our modern European tunes are forgotten among them. True, they are associated with love-ditties or national songs; but if the spirit of Christianity is poured into them, as pure molten gold into the old Oriental mould, the people will be persuaded to praise Christ instead of "Antar" and "Leila." Thus, by teaching Christian hymns to the children, the gospel is being sung all round the world.

CHAPTER V.

THE WEDDING.

THE ignorance of the Arabic women that has called forth faithful efforts to enlighten them, is both a sign and a result of their degraded condition. Contempt for women stamps every part of Eastern life, shapes the household talk of all classes, and lives from one generation to another in familiar proverbs.

If a man speak of a shoe, a dog, a donkey, a pig, or a woman, he begins with the exclamation, *Ajellak Allah*, "May God elevate you," as if he would apologize for speaking of anything so contemptible, by praying that the hearer might be delivered from all contamination with so vile a subject. A proverb, one out of a long list, says, "A man can bear anything but the mention of his women."

The curious customs of the Arabs in their matrimonial affairs give confirmation of the low idea they have of woman.

The Koran and Mohammedan law makes every place the Sultan visits his own, and every woman he or his heirs touch or associate with unmarriageable to any one else; and he may take them if he likes. When a Druze sheikh wishes to marry, he asks permission of the father, without having seen the daughter. If the father consent, he informs her, and if she consent, the suitor sends his affianced presents of clothes and jewelry, which remain in her hands as a pledge of his fidelity. She is pictured to him as the paragon of beauty and excellence, but he is never allowed to see her, speak to her, or write to her, even should she know how to read. His mother or aunt may see her or bring reports, but he does not see her until the wedding contract is signed and the bride is brought to his house. And even if by chance he should

ever see her before she had time to run away from him, it would be a gross breach of propriety for her to speak to him.

At the time of the marriage, a whole week is given up to festivity before her arrival; and the retinue of the bride, mounted on fine horses, escort her, amid the firing of musketry, the *zilagheet* shrieks of the women and general rejoicing, to the bridegroom's house. Colonel Churchill describes what follows: "The bride, meantime, after having received the caresses and congratulations of her near relatives, is conducted to a chamber apart, and placed on a divan, with a large tray of *malebbes*, or sweetmeats and confectionery, before her; after which all the females withdraw, and she is left alone, with a massive veil of muslin and gold thrown over her head and covering her face, breasts, and shoulders down to the waist. What thoughts and sensations must crowd upon the maiden's mind in this solitude, not to be disturbed but by him

who will shortly come to receive in that room his first impressions of her charms and attractions! Presently she hears footsteps at the door; it opens quietly; silently and unattended her lover approaches her, lifts the veil off her face, takes one glance, replaces it, and withdraws."

He then returns to the grand reception-room, takes his seat at the head of the divan amid the throng of sheikhs and other invited guests. He maintains an imperturbable silence, his mind being supposed to be absorbed by one engrossing object. It may be delight. It may be bitter disappointment. It is generally past midnight when the party breaks up and the family retires.

Marriage among the Bedawins is a simple contract between two to live together. The bridegroom kills a sheep and makes a feast, and they bring witnesses to the contract. Arab girls are betrothed when ten or twelve, and married soon after. The two people sup-

posed to be most interested in the matter never see each other's face till after the ceremony is complete.

The influence of the missionaries is having some effect in doing away with Arabic contempt for women, but the old prejudices are very hard to overcome.

The story told by Dr. Jessup of the courtship and marriage of two young Syrian people will show something of what the old feeling was, and the change it is undergoing, as well as illustrate some Syrian social customs:

"In that lovely district of Northern Palestine, where the fountains of the river Jordan have their rise, on the eastern edge of that matchless little plain called *Merj Aiyûn*, or Meadow of Fountains, stands the little village of El Khiyam. It is in full view of those giant spurs of Mount Hermon which stretch down from the lofty summit toward Banias, and its church edifice looms up amid the low houses of the village, visible for miles on every side. In this

village, inhabited by Maronites, Greeks, and Druzes, there lived twenty years ago a saintly man named Dahir Abbood, called, according to the Oriental custom, Abû Faûr, from the name of his eldest son. He was converted from the Maronite faith, in the days when Dr. Thomson and Dr. Van Dyck labored in the Sidon field, and owing to his remarkable spiritual fervor and earnestness, united with singular sincerity and humility, he received special theological instruction under Mr. Calhoun in Abeih, and became one of the most effective native preachers ever known in Syria. His eldest son was a grief to him, but his two daughters, Miriam and Mirta (or Mary and Martha), followed in the footsteps of their father. Miriam is now the wife of Beshara Haddad, son of Tannûs el Haddad, who has been for years connected with the Latakiah Mission among the Nusairîyeh.

"Mirta was taken into the family of Dr. Bliss in Suk el Ghurb in 1859, and taught to read by Mrs. Bliss. She was afterward in the

seminary of Miss Temple, until it was broken up by the war of 1860, and then returned to her country home. In 1864 she entered the Beirût Female Seminary, and was educated at the expense of the North Broad Street Sabbath School in Philadelphia.

"After the death of her father, Mirta dreaded to go home on account of the brutal cruelty of her brother Faûr. She however went, in the summer vacation of 1866, to see her mother, and Faûr took occasion to harass her in every possible manner. On Sundays he would plan work, and try to compel her to do it, and when she refused, would beat her severely with a cane. In October she started to return to school by the way of Sidon, but when about a mile from home in the *Merj*, he overtook her, and drove her back to the village. He then took all her clothes except what she had on her person, and secreted them. The next night, two of her cousins, kind-hearted young men named Abdullah and Saieed

brought a donkey, and while one of them, Abdullah watched the door where the wicked Faûr was sleeping, Saieed took her in haste on the donkey over the mountains to Sidon, where she arrived at sunset, completely exhausted from fatigue. I was there providentially, at the time, and brought her on the next day with me to Beirût.

"A Protestant young man named Habeeb, from the village of Kefr Shima, a friend of her sister Miriam, had often met Mirta in vacations, and wished to marry her. The next spring he came to Beirût to see her. She was in the school, engaged as a teacher, and he could not be allowed to enter the Seminary on such an errand, nor could he address her a letter. He asked me to act as a 'friend of the bridegroom,' and intercede on his behalf with the fair Mirta. This I declined, as we find as missionaries that it is the wisest course to avoid all interference with the matrimonial affairs of the native

Syrians. Habeeb was now desperate, and repeated his request. I told him that if her elder sister, who lived in Beirût, would give her consent, the teachers of the Seminary would allow Mirta to meet him at my house, adjoining the institution, in the presence of some mutual friend, when he could plead his own cause. This satisfied him, and I went on the delicate errand of informing her of her sister's proposition. Leaving her class, she came to the door, when I said, 'Habeeb is at my house. You know why he is there. Are you willing to meet him?' She hesitated, and then, turning her face away, said in a low whisper, *Nahm*; 'Yes.' I told her I would call for her in half an hour. The plan was that they were to meet in my study in my presence. I took Habeeb up stairs to the little room, and gave him a chair, placing another in front of the door which opened out upon the flat roof, where I was accustomed to walk for exercise. After half an

hour, I escorted Mirta, closely veiled, with the white *ezar* or sheet over her head, and completely enveloping her person, to my house, and up the stairs, and asked her to take the chair in front of the open door. I stood by the door, as it would have been regarded by all their friends as contrary to all propriety and decorum for me to have left them alone for an instant with the door closed. Then there was a profound silence. Mirta drew aside her veil, and turned her face toward the wall, waiting for Habeeb to speak out his sentiments. I asked him if I should leave the room? 'By no means,' said he, looking anxious: 'we want your help.' I replied, 'This is not my business; it is your own, and you must settle it between yourselves.' After much urging from me, he began to inform *me* of his feelings and of his plans, and how his new house was finished, and he was all alone; and although there had been some difficulties in the way, he was

now ready to be married; and he had understood from properly informed persons that Mirta would be likely to accept him, and he wished to enter into a formal engagement. I told him he had better address his remarks to *her*, as she was present, and said I would now go out upon the roof and walk back and forth in front of the door, and he could make any private explanations to her, and ask any questions he wished. I did so, and, taking a book, walked on the roof for about a quarter of an hour. I could hear him speaking in a low tone, and at length came to the door and said, 'Well, Habeeb, I hope all is harmonious and satisfactory.' He repled, 'It is harmonious enough, but she will not answer one of my questions.' This is just what I had expected, as it is never customary here for a young maiden to speak face to face to a young man on this subject. I tried to comfort Habeeb, and told him that Mirta would never have come there to meet

him unless she was favorably disposed, and that I would now ask her any question he wished to propose. 'Then,' said Habeeb, 'ask her if she will accept this watch as a pledge of our engagement?' I asked her. All was silence. I asked again, and again, until finally a faint *Nahm* could be heard, and the whole thing was settled. He said he would send the watch and other presents to Miriam's house, when the formal betrothal would take place. Mirta then bade us good morning and returned to the Seminary, Habeeb remaining with me to perfect his arrangements.

"In the month of May the wedding took place. The teachers and pupils of the school had aided Mirta in making up the garments for which Habeeb had provided the costly materials; and when the appointed day arrived, a procession of Habeeb's friends, men and women, came riding in on horseback from the village six miles away, to escort the bride tc

the house of the bridegroom. Habeeb himself, of course, did not come. We set out at noon to accompany her, Lulu, and Rufka from the Seminary, with a large company of her friends, making about thirty in all, men and women on horseback, the women riding as the men do side-saddles being never used by Syrian women. The women were all sheeted and veiled, and two men led the gayly caparisoned mare on which Mirta rode. Whenever we passed a village or a khan, the people would come out and pour libations of coffee on the ground in front of the bride, and then receive a *bukhshish* from her attendants. As we approached the village, the young men began to sing, and little girls came out with plates of live coals, burning sweet incense before the bride, and the Arab women in the houses along the road sprinkled us with rosewater and orange-flower water as we passed. I had instructed Habeeb that, inasmuch as he was a Protestant, he must go out and help the bride dismount on her arrival; but

when she came his courage failed, and her friends helped her from her horse. The women then took her in charge, and led her into a room, where she sat on a divan like a statue, keeping perfect silence, with her eyes cast down, while the bridegroom was in another room with the men.

"When the hour arrived, they were led out by their friends into the open court under an arch; and I stood on the roof of the rooms beneath, and performed the marriage ceremony, surrounded by a great throng of the villagers. After the ceremony, two of the Protestants of the village brought their child to be baptized, and the bridegroom and bride remained standing until the baptismal service was concluded, when the women again took the bride in charge, and Habeeb remained with the men. At five o'clock P. M., dinner was ready, and all of the men sat down by themselves on the floor to dine, leaving the poor bride and her female friends to wait and eat after the men had

finished. It was vain for us to protest against this custom as a relic of barbarism. It was Kefr Shima etiquette, and must be observed. Just before sunset, when it was growing very late for us who had still to return six miles to Beirût, I went in to bid Mirta farewell, and she told me she had not had her dinner yet, as the women of the house had been busy serving several courses of men, and she and her friends were still waiting. She was a very lovely-looking bride, and would have been admired in any country. Before leaving, I gave her a gilt Arabic Bible, telling her that I hoped it would be the guide of her footsteps in life and the light of her home. Several friends, who were travelling in Syria, had accompanied us, and we returned home in the evening, happy in having set up in Syria a new family, in which the family altar would be reared, the Bible honored, and the fear of God prevail. May such homes be multiplied!"

the weddings, after the ceremonies are ove and the guests have received coffee and

Damascus sweets and nuts, it is their custom to gather about the story-tellers, who are great favorites in every Syrian company, to listen to their tales.

Here is one of the rhymed stories:

STORY OF THE FLY AND THE WALL.

A Fly once sat upon a Wall,
And said, "You're very high and tall."
The Wall replied, "Though this be true,
The little Mouse has dug me through."

Said Fly to Mouse, "You make me stare;
What a digger you are, digger you are!"
The Mouse replied, "Though thus you greet me,
You ought to know the Cat will eat me."

Said Fly to Cat, "I must declare,
What an eater you are, eater you are!"
The Cat replied, "Do not delay me,
The Walking Stick will surely slay me."

Said Fly to Stick, "I must beware;
What a slayer you are, slayer you are!"
The Stick replied, "I fear for my life,
Lest I fall in the hands of the Cutting Knife."

Said Fly to Knife, "You are sharp and fair;
What a cutter you are, cutter you are!"
The Knife replied, "I am crushed like pith,
If I fall in the forge of the Smiting Smith."

Said Fly to Smith, " You are strong as a bear;
What a smiter you are, smiter you are!"
The Smith replied, " I was made by Allah."
The Fly he turned and cried, " Mushullah!"
For a busy Spider had watched his prey,
And followed him steadily all the day,
And seeing him meddling with his neighbors,
Dispatched him, and ended all his labors.
One cannot attend to himself and to all;
If he meddle with others, he'll certainly fall.

Another popular story is called:

THE GIRL AND THE KADI (JUDGE).

Once there was a very little girl, who bought a very little house; and while she was sweeping it, she found a very little coin. Then she bought a little *dibbs* (molasses), and put it on the shelf; but there came a little fly and drank it all up. So the little girl went to the kad and complained of the little fly, and said, " O kadi, judge rightly, or may your eyes be blinded!" Then the kadi called and said, " Depart, you foolish and shameless girl, for you have spoken impolitely to the kadi." Said

the little girl, "I will not go, until you give a righteous decision." Then said the kadi, "Tell me all your case." So she began as follows:

"O kadi great, I am very small!"
Said he, "'Tis because you are not tall."
"O kadi, I bought a little wee house:"
Said he, "Big enough, you are as small as a mouse!"
"O kadi, I swept it with all my might:"
Said he, "No doubt it was clean and bright!"
"O kadi, I found a coin so wee:"
Said he, "'Twill be for the kadi's fee!"
"O kadi, I purchased dibbs so sweet:"
Said he, "For a sweet girl, that was meet!"
"O kadi, I placed it on the shelf,"
Said he, "You were keeping it for yourself!"
"O kadi, the little fly, one day,
Flew down and took it all away;
And now I come to plead my cause,
I beg you judge her by the laws"
Said he, "Whene'er you see a fly,
I bid you smite it till it die."
The kadi's words were hardly said,
When she espied upon his head
A little fly, who gravely sate
Upon the kadi's shaven pate.
So taking the slipper from her foot,
The kadi's head she fiercely smote,

Saying, " Whene'er you see a fly,
I bid you smite it till it die!"

The kadi groaned from smarting pain;
When she her slipper raised again,
To smite a fly upon the pate,
Of the kadi's grave associate.

This Naieb grave now sued for grace,
And said, " Whate'er adjoins my face
Is mine by heritage and right,
And you've no legal right to smite;
But in the noble kadi's name,
I'll give you justice all the same."
Then filling her hands with shining money
He sent her home to eat bread and honey.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PUNISHMENTS.

THE rude insolence which marks the behavior of so many Syrian boys—and girls too, for that matter—has not come because there is no punishment meted out to the guilty, but from its fitful uncertainty and lack of principle. Arab parents and rulers have no lack of good theories and precepts, but, in the main, authority is exercised only from impulse. It is not an uncommon sight to see a Moslem boy, who has only carried out the drift of his teaching by abusing his mother and sisters in some very gross and outrageous manner, turned over to the pasha for judgment, when his father can do nothing with him. In such a case it is very likely the criminal will be put into irons. A chain is locked around his waist and fastened to iron shackles on his feet, and a man walks behind

him with a whip, driving him through the principal streets of the city, and compelling him to kiss the hand of every man, woman, and child As the boy passes a new building, the policemen call the masons to come out, with hands bedaubed with mortar, and the boy is obliged to kiss them. The rude boys seem to enjoy these public punishments, and help along with great glee.

In 1863, two poor men were hired to swear falsely in the court of Damascus, but afterward owned their guilt, and were punished in the following manner: They were placed on donkeys with their faces to the tails, and compelled to hold fast to the tails as they rode. The entrails of sheep were wound like turbans around their heads and hung down their backs, and a crowd of boys hooted at them as they were paraded through the city.

This mode of punishment is always greatly enjoyed by the street boys, who make it the occasion of a grand hurrah, but it does not

improve their manners. For as foreigners ride through the streets, a crowd will often follow, as if it were a travelling menagerie, and call *Franjee Koko!* "Frank rascal!" The wise way in the East as well as West is to pay no attention to them, and they soon get tired of it. The governor of Tripoli once bastinadoed about twenty boys of the Tripoli aristocracy for insulting Europeans in the streets.

The bastinado is a very common form of punishment. The culprit is compelled to lie down, and the officer takes a stick like a bow with a cord to it and winds the cord around the ankles. After twisting the cord as tight as possible, he takes a heavy rod and beats the soles of the feet till the victim is fairly black in the face with screaming and pain. This punishment is very often inflicted in the schools.

When the missionaries started common schools in Syria, the teachers used the bastinado without their knowledge, though the Americans never allowed anything of the kind. But

the boys behaved so badly and used such bad language to each other, that the teacher's patience was often quite exhausted. In one school the teacher invited a visitor to hear the boys recite, and then offered to whip the school all around from the biggest boy to the smallest, in order to show how well he governed.

The officers of justice make punishment very public. They doubtless intend to strike wholesome terror into the hearts of the spectators. But the usual effect of brutal spectacles generally follows, for by them some are hardened, while others make the occasion a time of rudeness and sport.

Severe as many of these punishments seem, Turkish justice (?) is very fitful and uncertain. Murder is committed with alarming frequency, but not one murderer in fifty is punished. If the murdered person be poor and friendless, the Government passes over the crime without notice. If the victim belong to a wealthy family

or sect, the murderer may be assassinated in retaliation, or be arrested and compelled to pay about thirteen hundred dollars, which is the legalized price of a man's head; in which case he cannot be again arrested for the crime. In the very rare cases when notice is taken of the murder of a woman, the price of her life is about five hundred dollars. In 1858, the Nusairîyeh murdered a detachment of Turkish soldiers. They paid the price of blood, and no further punishment was demanded. In 1860, a Moslem effendi of Tripoli married a second wife, and as his daughter by his first wife, a little girl seven years old, had about one hundred and fifty dollars in her own right, which she could claim in case of her marriage, he took the little child outside the city walls at night and severed her head from her body! The fact was generally known and spoken of, but no notice was taken of it by the Government.

In August, 1858, the people of Duma, a village in Lebanon, where some of the mis-

sionaries were spending the summer, were startled by the news that two young men of the place had strangled to death their aunt, an elderly widow, and had run away with all her property. Dr. Jessup and Mr. Lyons went at once to the house where the crime had been committed, and found the relations gathered wailing about the ghastly corpse, and the house filled and surrounded by a shouting multitude of friends. They set to work immediately to get evidence in the case. No one seemed to be responsible in the matter. The criminals were at once seized and taken before the sheikh of the village, but he let them go, at the urgent request of the relatives of the deceased. The young men were sons of a brother of the widow's late husband. Their father died several years before, and the widow's husband died in February, 1858, leaving a fourth of his large property to his living brother, an old miser, one-fourth to his widow, one-fourth to the Greek

Catholic bishop, and one-fourth to these boys. The boys were dissatisfied, and made frequent threats of vengeance. At last, one morning at six o'clock they entered the house, seized the old woman, strangled her with her own hair, tore off her gold ornaments, and stole all her money, and the money-box of the Greek Catholic church, which was in her possession. At noon the murderers were at the upper fountain, fully armed, and defying the whole village. The Americans tried to stir up the people to do something, but no one would take the lead. In the afternoon, old Abû Zeid, the miser, came to Dr. Jessup in great distress and excitement, and besought his protection, as he feared that the murderers would kill him that night and take his money. He was the most perfect picture of terror. He talked incoherently, promised to become Angliz (English), to pay money, to do anything, if only he could be kept from danger. Before night the mis-

sionaries dispatched letters to the authorities at Beirût giving a full account of the matter. The murder was committed on Saturday Monday morning, a sheikh named Rameh il Kharzm, from a neighboring village, came to hold a council with the old men of Duma about it. The missionaries gave their testimony, but the whole thing was managed so carelessly and loosely that they were sure nothing would come of it. They were confirmed in this conclusion when it was reported that the sheikh had received money from some of the parties.

After some delay, and through the influence of the Beirût authorities, the murderers were thrown into prison; but in a few weeks they were released by the jailor, who gave as a reason that no one paid him for keeping them in prison.

After the massacre at Damascus, Fuad Pasha sent three hundred Moslems and Kurds to Beirût. They had been convicted of burning

and plundering, but not of murder, and most of them were sentenced to hard labor for life; a few of them to service in the army. Their wrists were thrust through holes in thick boards, and they were obliged to walk all the way from Damascus with their hands closely confined in these stocks. A few months after their transportation to Constantinople, those who were sent to the army began to reappear at Beirût. It seems that they purchased substitutes for thirteen thousand piastres each (this sum is equal to about five hundred and twenty dollars); and so, with this small fine, six months' banishment, and free transportation to Constantinople, they were freed from all responsibility for the outrages they had committed, and returned to Damascus to stir up the flames of fanaticism and join in the massacres of the future.

The course of justice is greatly disturbed also by the contempt which Moslems feel and freely show for Christians. They are not so much to blame when the character of the so-

called Christianity is borne in mind, for in the lives of Greeks and other Eastern sects it is one of the most unlovely creeds. And the faithful, as Mohammedans delight to style themselves, visit their contempt not only on the religion, but on all who hold it. They show their scorn not only in private, but in public, and in their official acts.

In 1861, a Beirût Moslem, in a quarrel, struck a Christian with a knife: the Christian complained to the kadi, and the kadi replied, "Out with you, you dog; do you pretend to testify against a Moslem?"

When the Christian sheikhs and others came down from Abeih to complain of the Bim Pasha, who was their governor, they received a reply from Fuad Pasha, the highest Turkish official in Syria at that time, that he would examine their complaint on this condition: that they would write and seal an agreement that in case they did not substantiate their charges they would consent to be punished; and if they

did, then Bim Pasha should be punished. It was as much as to say, if the Turks did not choose to believe the testimony of the Christians, they would let off the rogue and punish the injured ones; a summary but characteristic way of putting an end to Christian complaints against the Turkish officials.

The Moslems have adopted the old law, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," and use it often, especially when summary and sudden justice is called for rather than care; and the Protestant officials and missionaries are often called on to intercede in cases like one when Mr. Yanni, the Vice-consul for America at Tripoli, was visited by a woman in great distress, beating her breast and entreating help. Her son, about nine years old, had accidently knocked out the tooth of a Moslem boy with a stone and the Government were about punishing her boy by knocking out a corresponding tooth from his mouth.

Besides these more formal punishments in-

flicted on public criminals, all children are threatened with dreadful things to frighten them into good behavior. Such alarms form part of the regular machinery in the government of every Syrian home.

Children are told that the *Bawbaw* or the *Ghoul* or the *Bah'oo* is coming to eat them up; that the Bedawins will catch them, or the Gypsies will steal them. The strange, vagabond race of Gypsies is found in Syria, as in every other land, and they carry with them their reputation for stealing children.

The name of the doctor or priest or sheikh is held in terror over young heads, and mothers tell the little ones, "You shall take medicine if you don't do this;" "I'll cut out your tongue if you don't stop that."

Even in the nursery songs they are entertained with such threats.

As for example:

"Sleep, my eyes, I entreat you,
Or the Bah'oo will come and eat you."

"Oh, my uncle, my cameleer,
Take me back to my mother dear;
I fear the Ghoul will catch and eat me;
But mother dear will surely meet me.

"Cameleer, hasten, the night is near;
Alas, poor driver, you have no home;
At the khan you'll find your rest to-night,
Though many a mile you have to roam."

But one of the greatest of all terrors to young and old is the *Evil Eye*. The superstition is not confined to Syria, nor is it a modern terror; and even so famous a person as Pius IX., the present Pope, has the unhappy reputation of possessing this blasting vision.

Dr. Meshaka, of Damascus, says that those who believe in the evil eye "think that certain people have the power of killing others by a glance of the eye. Others inflict injury by the eye. Others pick grapes by merely looking at them. This power may rest in *one* eye; and one man, who thought he had this power, *veiled one eye*, out of compassion for others The Moslem sheikhs and others profess to cure

the evil eye, and prevent its evil effects, by writing mystic talismanic words on papers, which are to be worn. Others write the words on an egg, and then strike the forehead of the evil-eyed with the egg."

Whenever a new house is built, the workmen hang up an egg-shell, or a piece of alum, or an old root, or a donkey's skull, in the front door, to keep off the evil eye. Moslem women leave their children ragged and dirty to keep people from admiring them, and thus smiting them with the evil eye. They think that blue eyes are especially dangerous.

They think that the name of God, or Allah, is a charm against evil; but when they repeat it, they have no idea of reverence for that Holy Name.

Here are some songs that speak of the superstition:

"I have circled you round with Allah,
From my eye and the eye of your brother,
From the eye of your father and mother.

From all who admire and respect you,
May the eye of Allah protect you!"

"Sleep, my eyes, for Allah keeps us all;
Then sleep in the keeping of Peter and of Paul,
Over you John shall stretch out his arm,
And then the evil eye shall do you no harm."

"Speak the name of Allah,
For the children of the poor;
He'll keep off the evil eye,
And every fatal hour;
But let the rich aristocrats
Be wilted like a flower!"

This is what the Safitan Greek women sing to keep off the evil eye:

"From the Eye may Allah hide you
By a thousand prayers to Elijah!
Who sees you, and says not the Triune Name,
May she have no children her love to claim!"

The Moslem women of that region use a similar song for the evil eye:

"The evil eye won't harm you;
You're safe in Allah's hand.
May she who would alarm you,
Be like a burning brand!
If she see you and use not the Name Divine,
May she breakfast in peace, *and then never dine!*"

Here is a silly rhyme which is often written and repeated by the sheikhs to cure those who are thought to be smitten with the "Eye." *Ya Seen* is the title of one of the chapters of the Koran.

"Say the name of God and *Ya Seen*
Over our child, our flower green;
He is like a bound and gilded Koran,
That lies in the lap of the great Sultan."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NAMES.

THE proper names of any people form a curious subject of study, especially if they be given with any reference to their signification. Western nations have lost almost wholly the custom of using names which shall in any way define the bearer; and, indeed, the simple fact that the names used have ever had any significance is almost forgotten. The ancient custom of using descriptive appellations has fallen into neglect also in Syria, though names are very frequently bestowed for the sake of some pleasant meaning or suggestion. In one family in the village of Brummana there are six daughters whose names are Sun, Morning, Zephyr Breeze, Jewelry, Agate, and Emerald. Other girls there are named Star, Sugar, and Beauty.

John Smith is as popular a name in Syria as in any other land, though in his Arabic disguise he appears as *Hanna el Haddad.* The memories of Alexander the Great seem to dwell about these scenes of his conquests even after more than twenty centuries, for *Scander* is quite as common as its equivalent, Sawney, is in Scotland. And what is more curious, in these Bible lands the name very frequently appears as *Scander Nahass,* or Alexander the coppersmith.

In many cases, however, it would be hard to find any reason for names that are given. The girl who brings milk to the missionaries at Abeih has the stately name of *Lokunda*, or Hotel. A boy from Safita, in the Beirût College, was called *Jebr*, or Algebra. In Syria there is the house of Wolf, the house of Stuffed Cabbage, Khowadji Leopard, the lady Wolves. One of the villagers of Abeih is *Eman ed Deen*, or Faith-of-religion, who is chiefly noted for having neither faith nor religion. A boy living

at the Cedars of Lebanon was named *Jidry*, or Small-Pox, because that disease was raging in the village when he was born. It is very common to name babies from what is happening in the world when they are born. A man in Tripoli had a daughter born when an American ship was in the harbor, so he called her America. When another daughter was born, there was a Russian ship in port, and he called her Russia. There is a young woman in Sûk el Ghurb named *Fetneh*, or Civil War, and her sister is *Hada*, or Peace. An old lady lately died in Beirût named *Feinûs*, or Lantern. In the Beirût school are and have been girls named Pearl, Diamond, Morning Dawn, Dew, Rose, Only One, and Mary Flea. That girl America's full name was America Wolves, a curious name for a Syrian lamb!

A young lady, named Miss Mason, was once a teacher in the Sidon Seminary, and spent the summer in the mountain village of Deir Mimas. One of the women of the

village liked her name, and named her daughter "Miss Mason," and now any one may hear the little urchins of Deir Mimas shouting Miss Mason! to a little blue-gowned and tarbooshed Arab girl.

One of the most curious things about these Eastern names is that almost all men are called *Abû*, or father of something; just as a great many of the Bible names beginning with Ab mean the father of something; as for instance, *Abraham*, the father of a multitude. A man is called by a name made of the word *Abû* and the name of his eldest son. If he has no son, then he is—Abû the son he ought to have. And the Arabs speak of a person who possesses anything peculiar as the father of the thing. Arab boys, on first seeing a man with a high hat, will be pretty sure to call him *Abû Suttle*, the father of a pail.

One of the nursery songs sung to a little boy whose name is Bender, is:

"O father of a girdle, hail!
O Bender, father of a shawl,
Never will the horsemen take you;
You will break the ranks of all;
How your spear-head rings and jingles!
May its owner never fall!"

The Arabs use names compounded of abû for things as well as persons. A comet is *nejn abû denab*, a star the father of a tail. The Arabic poet Hariri calls vinegar the father of sharpness, a pie the mother of joyfulness, a costly dish the father of dignity, and hunger the father of in-dwelling.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOOD.

IN speaking of the customs of the Arabs that pertain to their meals, it is hardly proper to use a term familiar in Western speech, and speak of "the table," for in Syria the company who are to eat together do not sit at a table, but squat cross-legged around a little, insignificant piece of furniture about a foot high, merely a large stool or tall kind of tray. This is placed on a mat in the middle of the room.

Here is the bill of fare of a supper to which a traveller might be welcomed in a Syrian home: First of all are the world-wide essentials, bread and water. The bread is in four piles on the edge of the tray. The water is in one cup, from which all are to drink. The salutation of the host is *Tefudduloo*,

which means in general, "As you choose," and in this particular case, "Help yourselves."

On the table there is *kibby*, and camel stew, and Esau's pottage, and olives, and rice, and figs cooked in *dibbs*, and chicken boiled to pieces, and white fresh cheese, and curdled milk, and fried eggs.

Kibby is the Arab plum-pudding and mince-pie and roast-beef, all in one. It is made by pounding meat in a mortar with wheat, until both are mixed into a soft pulp, and then dressed with nuts and onions and butter, and baked or roasted in cakes over the fire.

The pottage, or *mejeddara*, is made of *oddis*. It is like thick pea-soup, but with a peculiar flavor. This is what Jacob made the pottage of, when he tempted Esau, and bought his birthright. The little Arab children revel in it.

The bread is in large thin wafers, as broad as the rim of a hat, and is served freshly baked, hot from the sides of the oven, a hole in the ground lined with plaster.

At a dinner of some pretensions there will be, of course, the great dish *kibby*, and meat cooked with beans, and squashes stuffed with rice and meat, the two sides (the ribs) of a lamb tied together and filled with rice, minced meat, and spice; and for dessert, dried apricots, stewed oranges, and fresh apricots, and cucumbers, which the natives eat just as they would apples or any other fruit.

The Arabs use no knives or forks at their meals, nor have they plates for each person; but each one doubles a piece of the *markûk* bread into a kind of three-cornered spoon, and with it, or with a wooden spoon, or his fingers, dips from the dish which he may happen to prefer. Besides ordinary food, the Syrians have some most peculiar kinds of appetizers; for example, in the market-places of some of the cities, old women may be found having for sale strings of mud balls for the especial use of persons with unnatural appetites. They are brought from Aleppo, and

form in some places a very fashionable, and therefore very necessary article of diet.

The Arabs use copper cooking-vessels; and as many of them are slovenly in all household matters, the green rust gathers on their utensils, and sometimes people are poisoned by it. Some years ago, at the village of Deir Mimas, several families bought goat's-meat, not knowing that the goat had died from the bite of a serpent, and they were all taken sick, and made sudden and frequent calls for the missionary's store of tartar emetic and ipecac, while the natives treated them with sugar and pomegranate-juice.

And it is no uncommon thing for poison to be mingled with food, for the purpose of putting some hated person out of the way.

In Beirût, a few years since, a member of the church was taken very ill, and it was found that his mother, at the instigation of the Papal Maronite priests, had put corrosive sublimate in his food. He was ill for weeks, and has

never fully recovered from the effects of the poison.

A Moslem, in Damascus, at the time of the dreadful massacre of the Christians, attempted to poison a number of Christians in the castle, whither they had fled for refuge, in order to get rid of the widow of one of his Christian creditors who was killed in the massacre. He sent her poisoned sweetmeats, and she ate and died, as did seven others. And the poisoner's art has no insignificant place in the political and ecclesiastical intrigues of the East. Sheikhs, begs, and even emirs, priests, and high dignitaries of the sects, have thus been put out of the way.

Sometimes the flour of which the bread is made has tares ground in it. And often people refuse to eat bread bought in the market, for fear it is *mizwin*, or has tares in it. When it is made of such mixed flour, it has a narcotic effect, and puts persons to sleep. The people are generally very careful to pick out the tares from the wheat before grinding it. Another

common and simple article of food among the Syrians are roasted peas. For evidence of which here are two of their songs:

> "Hady, Mady, baby sweet,
> You come and go upon my feet.
> I found a pigeon eating peas,
> I said, Now feed me, if you please.
> It said, I will with greatest joy,
> In honor of your baby boy."

> "Come home with your pockets full,
> Papa, if you please,
> Pistachios and filberts,
> And for mother roasted peas!"

The Syrian markets abound, too, in a great variety of delicious fruits. At one season there will be an abundance of grapes, figs, watermelons and pomegranates, peaches, pears, lemons, and bananas. At others, there are oranges, *sweet lemons*, plums, apricots, and mulberries. There is fresh fruit of some kind on the trees every week in the year. In the cities of the coast, iced lemonade is sold for a cent a glass, cooled with snow from the summit of Mount Lebanon, 9,000 feet high.

Grapes are about a cent a pound, and figs the same; and in March, five oranges or ten sweet lemons cost a cent. Huge watermelons are about eight or ten cents a piece. A cluster of fifty bananas can be bought in the season for twenty-five cents, or even less. Almost every thing is sold by weight. In marketing, one buys so many pounds of milk and oil and potatoes and charcoal. The prickly pear, or *subire*, is a delicious fruit, although covered with sharp barbed spines and thorns. It is full of hard large woody seeds, but the people are very fond of the fruit.

The fruits that are most important to the people are olives and grapes. Olives are eaten either raw or dressed in various ways. A very common lunch for a laboring man is simply bread and olives. But they are chiefly valuable for the oil extracted from them. At some sea sons of the year a great part of the food of the people along the range of Lebanon consists of vegetables cooked in this oil, eaten sometimes

with and sometimes without bread. This oil was until recently almost the only substance burned for light, though in the later years petroleum is coming into use. Olive-trees are abundantly cultivated throughout the country

The fruit of the vine forms another substantial part of the food of the people. Grapes come into season in August, and continue plentiful about four months. During this period they are used constantly, not as an agreeable dessert to stimulate and gratify the appetite after it has been satisfied by a substantial meal, but as a substantial part of the meal itself; so much so, that from August to December, grapes and bread are the main food of the people.

Very thin cakes of bread made of flour, or of barley-meal and flour mixed, and eaten with plenty of grapes, form the meals of the inhabitants of Lebanon, morning, noon, and night. Grapes are also dried in large quantities to preserve them as raisins; and in this form they supply an article of food to be used after the

grape season. By pickling and beating, a substance called *dibbs* is made out of grapes. It is purified by means of lime, and is about the consistency of honey, and resembles it in appearance. Bread and *dibbs* is a very common meal in winter and spring. There are two kinds, one made from grapes, and the other from raisins.

The Arabs do not eat meat as freely as people of colder climates. Sometimes, though not frequently, mutton or camel's or goat's flesh will be served. The Arabs have a curious way of preparing sheep to be killed and eaten. In the month of June, when pasturage is scarce and sheep are cheap, they buy them from the shepherds: the animal is tied to a stake, then a woman sits down by it with a quantity of prepared balls of leaves and grass, and takes the sheep's head beneath her arm and proceeds to stuff it. Leaves from the vine are used, but especially from the mulberry, after the silkworms have begun to spin, for they are the most fat-

tening. The sheep often becomes so fat that it can scarcely stand. Sometimes the tails alone of these fatted sheep weigh from forty to forty-five pounds, or as much as a fifth of the whole animal. Indeed, Herodotus and later writers have said that these heavy tails are, for the comfort of the sheep, carried on small boards which run on two wheels. This kind of mutton culture is in the care of the women and girls. Many an Arab girl's time is wholly taken up in leading the sheep to the fountain to wash them, and in gathering the leaves with which the sheep are stuffed. The washing is part of the fattening process. It is applied to the sheep; but never to the girls themselves, if it can be by any means avoided. At the end of four months the sheep bought for eighty piastres will bring a hundred and forty or fifty. The sheep is killed and skinned; the fat is then removed, the flesh cut from the bones and hung in the sun. The fat is boiled: ten parts of lean are added to every four of fat. It is simmered for an hour,

and then put into jars for the family use during the year.

Among the Arab dainties, one of the most familiar is a dish that is made for the relatives when a boy is born; it is called *mughly*. It is made of pounded rice, flavored with rich spices and sugar, and put into little bowls, and almonds and other nuts sprinkled over the top. One of these little bowls is sent to each of the friends.

Syrian etiquette demands the giving and taking of something to eat or drink on the occasion of any visit; and when one enters the house even for a call, sherbet or sweetened fruit syrups, and sweetmeats and coffee are given to the visitors. The Moslems are extravagantly fond of coffee, and drink it morning, noon and night. In making it, the browned grains are beaten in a mortar at the time of using it, hot water is poured over it, then it is boiled for a moment, and served without milk or sugar, in little porcelain cups the size of half an egg-shell, that are set in an ornamented

metal holder like an egg-cup. Coffee and Damascus sweets and nuts are scrupulously served at all weddings.

The Koran forbids the use of wine or liquors. The good rule made by Mohammed was kept for ages, but now the Moslems are beginning to break it. The faithful still drink only coffee; and all the people frequent the houses kept by the *kahwajees* or coffee-men, to drink coffee gossip and listen to the tales of professional story-tellers and the songs of the minstrels. They are great places of resort, even though not very attractive to those who have not learned the Arab disregard for dirt. An American visiting one of these places a while ago, was served with a cup of coffee in a dirty cup. He asked the attendant to wipe it out. With true Oriental obsequiousness he protested, "On my head, on my head, *Bismillah!*" and then took out his handkerchief and wiped it dry. The coffee was not drunk.

In these houses the people gather, not only

to drink coffee, but to smoke, for the Syrians are inveterate smokers. They look on tobacco as being as necessary as water. Men, women, and even little children smoke. They smoke everywhere. They even measure time by their pipes so that if you ask the distance to a point in a journey, the answer very likely will be, it is two, or three, or five pipes distant.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PESTS.

IT is no forced transition from the pleasures to the pests of Syrian life, for, so far as regards the fleas at least, where the former are the latter are never absent. It sometimes seems as if there were no exaggeration in the geological report concerning Syria, that the soil is made up of two ingredients, in the proportion of one peck of sand and two pecks of fleas.

They are one of the torments of life. They swarm everywhere. Travellers in going from place to place are obliged to carry their bedsteads with them, so that they may be lifted up out of the reach of the vermin. The Arabs say that the Sultan of the Fleas lives in Tiberias. But those who have visited the little village inhabited by Moslems on the plain, which can be seen from Akkar, will believe that the very Sublime Porte

of Fleadom is there. The houses are about six feet high, built of pebbles and mud, and are surrounded by dunghills not less than twelve feet high. In the winter the fleas are drowned out by the mire and filth, but in the summer the mire dries into fine black dust a foot deep, which is about one-half fleas. The people stay in their houses during the winter, but by the first of May the Sultan *Burghût* gives them notice that he is coming. The fleas swarm. They fill the houses and streets and the dunghills (shouting the battle-cry of fleadom). So that the entire population, men, women, and children, are driven out to build booths in the field near by. This happens every year, and the degraded people do not care to move away the manure to their wheat-fields, nor to clean up their miserable village. They have become a proverb to all their neighbors, though there are enough other villages just as bad.

As usual, the nurses and mothers have their songs about the fleas. Here is one:

"Hasten, cousin, come to me,
I am bitten by a flea;
From my side he bit a slice,
Took it to the cats and mice.
I'll be dying in a trice.

"Hasten, cousin, come to me,
I am bitten by a flea;
Ah, he bit me in the eye,
Then my forehead, all so sly,
And I thought that I should die!"

The scorpions are another pest, less common, but more dangerous. The boys find sport in hunting for them. They play with them, as they do with the beautiful lizards or chameleons, though of course far more carefully. They put a little wax on a stick and thrust it into the holes in the walls, and the scorpions run their claws into the wax, when they are easily drawn out, and so captured. The sting of the scorpion is not deadly, but it is very painful, something like being stung by half a dozen hornets. In some parts of Syria they are very abundant. They get into beds and into shoes and clothes, and hide in the corners

and crevices of the house. The chameleons, of which the children sometimes make pets, are a kind of lizard about six inches long, and have a pouch under the chin and breast. When angry they are quite black, and their color changes from that to yellow, reddish, and greenish brown.

Snakes also are very numerous in Syria, and some of them are poisonous. A few years ago there was a great freshet in the Nahr el Rebir near Latakiah, and the clay banks were washed away for miles. The snakes were in winter quarters, and their nests were all carried off by the rushing flood down to the sea. Then the waves dashed them up along the shore, and they lay dead in winrows along the beach, till the eagles, vultures, and jackals carried them off and devoured them.

Once at Deir Mimas a robber came to the village in the night, and stole a fine sheep, and carried it down to the deep valley in a narrow rocky gorge nearly a thousand feet below the

village, there intending to have a fine feast on his stolen mutton. "Stolen waters are sweet," and he may have thought that his feast would be peculiarly sweet. But, unfortunately for him, he sat down to dress and cook his sheep over a nest of serpents, and out they came and stung him to death. A few days after, his body was found there by some shepherd boys, lying by the side of the dead sheep, and hissing serpents all around!

There are so many holes in the walls of the Syrian village houses, that snakes are constantly coming in. Margarita, the wife of the cook in Dr. Jessup's family, woke up one night, and a long ash-colored serpent was crawling across the floor near her feet. Another woman awoke in the night with a snake under her pillow, and crawling down toward her feet. She kept still until it had got away from the bed, as she was sleeping on the floor, and then called her husband, who killed it. A few years ago, one of the Protestants

at El Khiyam near Banias, was killed by a snake: and soon after, a Protestant women of Alma, near Tyre, was bitten by one in her house, and died, leaving a blind husband and five little children.

These reptiles are so common in the low ground-rooms of the Arab *fellaheen* houses, that an upper room is preferred for sleeping. So one of their songs is:

> "Tukka Nenna, sleep, my Hanna,
> Sleep in the upper room!
> I took you up stairs for fear of the snake,
> Perhaps the Frank lady your cradle will shake,
> And hush my baby to sleep."

Centipedes, too, are very common. They are great ugly reptiles, whose many claws are poisonous. Our name for them, centipedes, or the "hundred footed" beasts, is matched by the Arab name *Im arbâ wa Arb-aîn*, the mother of forty-four legs.

One of the fearful plagues of the East is the locust. It is something like a huge grass-

hopper. They come in great swarms like clouds, that darken the sky.

When they appear in the land, the Pashas and Mudirs and Kaimakams give orders to the people to go out and gather the eggs of the locusts as soon as they begin to settle down to bury themselves in the earth. The body of the female locust is, like the spawn of a fish, filled with one mass of eggs. Each man is obliged to bring so many ounces of these eggs to the Pasha, and have them weighed and then burned.

Some years ago, in the village of Ain Anûb, in Mount Lebanon, the people were ordered to gather the locust eggs and destroy them. They thought they knew better, and would throw them into a pit instead. So they gathered them up in bushels, threw them into the pit, scattered earth over them, and went about their work. A short time after, when they were all busy with their silkworms, and every man, woman, and child was needed

to feed the worms, suddenly word came that the valley was filled with young locusts! The eggs had hatched out, and the young destroyers had come out in millions. It was now too late to kill them. They were swarming over the vegetable gardens and the fruit-trees, eating and devouring. The people could not leave their silkworms, and thus they reaped the fruits of their folly.

And there are larger enemies in Syria than these insects and reptiles. Jackals infest the country, and their cry can be heard at nightfall near almost any village. It is like the voices of the cat and dog mingled together. When the Druzes hear them they laugh, and say, "Those are the Mussulmans calling to afternoon prayers, for the souls of Mussulmans pass into jackals."

These little animals run in packs, and are very fond of chickens; all which is duly celebrated in the Arab songs:

"In the morning bright and early
Comes the jackal brown and curly,
Noisy kob-kobs on his feet,
Like the children in the street;
Rise, my boy, then, bright and early,
Let us kill the jackal surly."

The Arabs call chickens "*zahr el fool*," or bean-blossoms:

"You jackal, you rascal, you wretch,
Who told you our chickens to catch?
What a villain you are thus to cater!
You caught our "bean-blossom" and ate her!
Our bean-blossom laid every morn,
And now Im Hassein is forlorn!"

Leopards, hyenas, and wolves abound in Lebanon and Hermon; and among the mountain villages people have to go in companies or with an escort, as a solitary traveller or a small unarmed company would be in danger from the wild beasts.

In the fall of 1866, the excuse Im Shakir gave Dr. Jessup for not attending the evening religious meeting during the summer in Has-

beiya, where she had been spending the vacation, was: "Our house is on the hill above the town, and between it and the town is a district of burned and ruined houses, not yet rebuilt since the massacres. In the daytime it is safe enough to go to the town, but at night the hyenas and other wild beasts come down from Hermon and make it unsafe to go out, so that I do not venture to attend the evening meetings, although I would be only too glad to go."

Speaking of danger from these wild beasts brings to mind a poem written by an Arabic poetess. It is said that the learned Sibawy when travelling, came to an Arab shepherdess sitting on the ground, with a dead ewe on one side of her, and a live wolf tied on the other. Asking what it all meant, she told him that the previous year she had found this wolf-whelp starving alone in the desert, and placed it with the lambs to nurse from this ewe, and to-day he sprang upon his foster-mother, broke her

neck, and was about to devour her, when she caught and bound him. She then turned to the wolf, and addressed him in the following impromptu lines:

"O treacherous wolf, you have killed my pet ewe!
Our whole tribe is sad. We thought better of you!
You, her own foster-child, you were trained among sheep,
She suckled you, watched you, awake and asleep:
You always were with her, not knowing another;
Who taught you, vile wretch, you'd a *wolf* for your father?
Ah, nature is nature, and if it be ill,
Neither milk nor good training can alter the will!"

A few years ago, a Druze shepherd named Nofel, of the village of Kefr Metta, near Abeih in Lebanon, had the care of a large flock of goats. One winter night, he thought he would leave the goats in the fold by themselves, so he shut the wooden door and went up to the village. The next morning he came back early to the fold, and what a sad sight met his eyes! Thirty-nine goats lay dead, covered with blood, their necks all mangled by the teeth and claws of the dreaded *nimr*, or Lebanon

leopard. Poor Nofel! It was now too late to care for his flock. He knew better than tc leave them, for the day before he saw the leopard and fired at him, and he went off among the rocks with a terrific roar.

CHAPTER X.

THE BEASTS.

OF the tame beasts in Syria, the strangest to Western eyes is doubtless the camel. The Arab name is *Jemel* or Beauty. They call him so, perhaps, because there is no beauty in him, on the principle *lucus a non lucendo.* The camel is often called "the ship of the desert." He is very much like a ship, as he carries a heavy cargo over the ocean-like plains and *buraries* or wilds of the Syrian and Arabian deserts. He is also like a ship in making people sea-sick who ride on his back, and because he has a strong odor of tar and pitch like the hold of a ship, which sometimes is very evident at a long distance.

The people often eat camel's-flesh. It is rarely sold in Beirût, as camels are too expensive along the sea-coast to be used as food

but in the interior towns, like Hums and Hamath, which border on the desert, or rather the great plains occupied by the ten thousands of the Bedawin, camel's-meat is a common article in the market. They butcher fat camels and young camel colts that have broken their legs, and sometimes their meat is as delicious as beaf-steak. But when they take an old, lean, worn out camel, that has been besmeared with pitch and tar for many years, and has been journeying under heavy loads from Aleppo to Damascus until he is what the Arabs call a "basket of bones," and then kill him to save his life, or rather his beef, the meat is not very delicate.

Dr. Jessup tells of his first experience in eating camel: "It was in Hums, in October, 1856. I was there on a visit with Mr. Aiken. His cook Soleyman was not very bright, and did not do our marketing as well as he should have done. One day we ordered mutton-chops. He brought them on the table, and

they were served around. I tried to cut mine, and failed. Mr. A. did the same. We tried another piece, and it could not be cut nor torn, but was tough and elastic as a piece of gutta-percha belting. We called Soleyman, and asked him where he bought that mutton. He answered, '*Ya Kowadja*, there was no *lehem ghunem* to-day, so I bought a piece of old *jemel!*' We were careful after that to have him buy young jemel when we wanted camel's-meat."

There is a popular fallacy in the West that camels are most patient and peaceful and gentle in their ways. And when they are tied together in a long caravan, with a little mouse-colored donkey leading the van, ridden by a long-legged Bedawy, who sits half-asleep smoking his pipe, one might well think them the tamest and most innocent creatures in the world; but when they fall into a panic, they are beyond all control, and then the safest place is that which is farthest

off. This is especially true in the month of February, for at that time they get to be as "mad as a March hare." They are what the Arabs call *taish*, and often bite men severely. In Hums, one bit the whole top of a man's head off; and in Tripoli, another bit a man's hand off. A camel *taish* in a city will drive the whole town before him. Where-ever he goes, with his tongue hanging down and a foaming froth pouring from his mouth as he growls and bellows through the streets, the people leave their shops and stools and run in dismay. It is a fearful sight, and woe to the luckless wight who is overtaken and has no way of escape.

In 1866, a drove of two hundred and fifty camels was passing the pine-grove near Beirût on their way to Egypt. Some foolish boys frightened them, and as they were all loose, they fell into a panic, and stampeded right into the city. They came at a fearful rate, and their cries and bellowings were pitiful to hear. They

turned aside for nothing, and the people had to get out of the way as best they could. On the corner, by the Bab Yakob, is a deep hole where steps go down to an old fountain. In turning this corner four or five of the camels tumbled in and went rolling down the steps. Soon after, the poor Bedawy who had them in charge came riding by on his mare, looking for his camels and shouting, "They have ruined my house!" "Allah shorten their days!" They had to dig down the wall to get the poor bruised and wounded camels out of the deep pit.

Of course camels are more valuable to the Bedawins than to those who live in cities and towns. The wandering tribes that live a shifting life in the wilderness must have these long-enduring beasts of burden. One evidence to show how important they are is the fact that some of the most common words in the Bedawin nursery-songs are "camel" and "cameleer."

"Hasten, my cameleer! Where are you going;
It's eventide now, and the camels are lowing:
My house in a bundle I bear on my back;
Whenever night comes. I my bundle unpack."

The cameleer is as great a character among the Arabs as a railway conductor or a stage-driver is in Western lands:

"Cameleer, give me a camel for hire,
And do not demand a great price:
Although you are rich and have all you desire,
Your money may go in a trice."

Here is a merry, though rather inconsequent and somewhat mixed song, that the Arab boys sing, together with some nursery-rhymes.

"Hasten your steps, my brave cameleer,
We are near to Sidon's gate;
Open the gate to the grand Emîr!
I will not—you must wait.

"Clusters of grapes hang in the vine:
Vine of my uncle, do not repine;
The Algerines have plundered mine.

"Pound the sugar and the rice,
This is work for children nice
This is work for the woman old,
Who went to the well of water cold,

And swore by the life of the great Emîr,
She'd pound the rice with the head of a spear.

"With an apple red she stopped her jar:
I sought the rose both near and far;
The rose is on my dear one's head,
O mother of the cheeks so red!"

"Come, cameleer, come on apace,
And bring me a load of sleep;
Bring rosy cheeks to Ali's face:
Allah his slumbers keep!"

"March on, cameleer, run so glibly,
Bringing a cradle for baby Shibly;
His beds are of silver, their price untold
His robes all of silk embroidered with gold."

"O cameleer, cameleer, go to Beirût,
And bring to my baby a new capote;
A cloak of gold by day to wear,
Its buttons of rubies bright and rare."

The Bedawin women have as much weary watching with their little children as mothers in any land:

"O camel, my camel, I pray,
Oh, send to us sleep right away;
Oh, hasten with sleep to my child,
For with watching I'm almost wild!"

When the young of the camel dies, the

dam kneels down over its dead body, and moans in piteous cries: this is what is referred to in the next song:

> "Ah, the camel's child is dead;
> Did you hear her plaintive moaning?
> Now they've stuffed his skin with straw,
> But she will not cease from groaning.
> They beat her now with cruel thongs,
> But she kneeled on him in sorrow;
> Her voice was heard through all the camp;
> She was dead from grief on the morrow!"

The next is evidently an Egyptian song:

> "Ye Bedawin Arabs, bold cameleers,
> All laden with licorice, bound to Algiers;
> The buffalo-meat we have cooked by your fire,
> But we ask of you now neither gold nor attire;
> We only entreat you release our sire!"

Still more common than camels, and perhaps more useful, and certainly more abused, are the donkeys.

In Oriental countries they are generally larger and better formed than in Europe. A cold climate seems to have a deteriorating effect upon them. In the East they are used

not merely as the meanest and most common beast of burden, but by officials and persons of high rank and wealth. It was not, as it has so often been conjectured, a sign of humility for our Lord to enter Jerusalem riding on the foal of an ass. He rode upon it as any prince or ruler would have done, coming on a peaceful errand. In some Eastern cities the donkeys are adorned in the most remarkable way. The saddle is covered with bright-colored carpet or cloth edged with fringe or tassels. The bridle is decorated with bells, embroidery, tassels, shells, and bits of jingling brass. In Cairo the drivers have a curious fashion of beautifying them with colors. The bars of the zebra, some signs of which appear naturally on its back, are all restored by paint, or the flanks will be colored purple or the belly yellow, or some such queer medley will make the animals glaringly ridiculous.

In Eastern cities these animals serve the purposes of omnibuses and cabs. They have

not only a strange and striking appearance, but they are favored with all kinds of queer names, such as Sultan, Mahmood, Ali Beg, Sugar, Flea, Pepper, Jessamine, etc. But for all these dignified, lively, or elegant names, these odd-looking long-eared little beasts are often most shamefully abused. Their sufferings are intolerable. They are beaten and pinched and kicked and scourged, overloaded, pricked with sharp needles, and fed on starvation fare. The Greek bishop, who lived in Hums in 1858, was greatly troubled by a donkey belonging to his neighbor, and one day, when it trespassed on his grounds, he went out with his faithful priests and servants, tied a rope around its neck, and hung it to a tree until it was dead!

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRIESTS.

AS donkeys have a world-wide reputation for stupidity, it is eminently proper to set the Syrian priests next in order, for, with rare exceptions, they are marvels of ignorance. The priests who hung the donkey are good representations of their class, who swarm throughout Syria. Most of them belong to the Greek Church, though there are plenty of those who belong to the Romish and Armenian sects. And they are not only ignorant, but many of them are very vicious men. The first girl who became a Protestant in Hums was turned from the Greek faith by the infamous words and actions of Khuri Giurgius Ferra, a drunken priest of that city. After he was driven away, and a man with a much better reputation came to his place, he only laughed at what his pre-

decessor had done, as if it were of no account, until the poor girl fled to the American missionaries as her only escape.

The priests are very ignorant. Only a few out of the hundreds in Syria have any education. School children in America know more of arithmetic and geography and Bible history than almost any Greek priest in Syria; for they are chosen generally, not from among the graduates of schools, but from among the lowest of the people. A cameleer, named Elias was once appointed priest in Ghurzûz. He could not read without stopping to spell out his words. When he had been ordained and put on his robes and bell-crowned cap and came home, the whole village turned out and went to the Greek Church to see how he would get on in reading the church service. He got his book upside-down, and some of the boys who were looking over his shoulder cried out, "Turn your book around—you cannot read so." He turned and rebuked them, and went on,

pretending to read, and mumbling over, through his nose, in a sing-song way, the words which he knew by heart. Before long, a man called out, "Plainer, sir, plainer, if you please, *Abbûna;* we cannot understand." Then the whole crowd laughed. The priest was angry, and stormed at the people, threatening to excommunicate the whole of them if they did not keep still! The next day he went to Abû Seleemeh, the Protestant, to learn to read; and three years ago, when he thought the whole village were turning Protestant, he offered to enter the Theological Seminary and prepare to be a Protestant minister.

A letter from a missionary's wife travelling in the North of Syria, gives this account of the performances in a church at Hums. It is a specimen of their religious services.

"At the time of our visit, the close of Lent took place, and the churches of the native Christians were scenes of the most painfully ludicrous exhibitions. We all attended the

Syrian or Jacobite church to see the representation of Christ washing the disciples' feet. The church is poor; they have not many priests—not enough to personate the twelve disciples, so several wild fellows from the congregation were selected to make out the number. The service was read partly in Syriac, which no one understood, and partly in Arabic. The bishop was clad in elegant robes and wore a crown of gold, and, before he commenced washing, 'took a towel and girded himself.' The twelve men were seated about in a circle, and were apparently enjoying their apostolic position. One called out, 'Come, old father, hurry up your reading there;' and another said, 'Come, I want my feet washed; I don't want any more gospel.' Another, addressing his companion on the other side of the ring, 'Oh, thou Judas Iscariot! you had better stop laughing, you old sinner!' To which came the answer, 'I am not Judas Iscariot, but you are yourself.' This was the style of conversation among these apostolic representatives

"After a long introductory service, the washing at last commenced. I should have told you that these twelve were clothed in handsome robes to represent their rank. The washing was rather superficial, a few drops of water on the instep, which was immediately wiped off; a drop of oil poured on the spot, and that wiped off again with a bit of cotton. The bishop had finished the eleven, and he came to one personating Peter, who, according to his instructions, repeated the proper phrase, 'Thou shalt not wash my feet.' 'Except I wash thee,' said the bishop, 'thou hast no part with me;' and he then permitted him to proceed. While this was taking place, the people were crowding up to the circle, and pressing and fighting to get a sight of the operation; and the amiable bishop would frequently call out to them, 'Keep still, O children; keep still, O dogs,' and make the greatest exertions to make them sit down on the floor. No seats were provided in the churches, except for the performers; and in Syrian churches the worshippers stand.

"At the close of the washing, one of the priests washed the feet of the bishop, and they proceeded to 'exalt' him who had been thus abased. The bishop seated himself in his nice arm-chair, and was lifted up on the shoulders of the people and born three times around the church, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He was followed by the crowd, and by men bearing cymbals and other noisy instruments, and making a great din. The women in their close galleries began making an outcry in a shrill, piercing tone. While making the last round the people began to cry out, 'O Bishop, give us the feast, give us the feast!' They all knew that the feast would come on the following Sabbath; but he said to them, 'Take the feast then next Sunday, and clear out, every one you.' This was the benediction, and, with much shouting and running over children, the crowd dispersed.

"Soon after, there was a show at the Greek

church, representing the burial of Christ. After a long preparatory service, the picture of Christ was placed in a coffin, and carried three times about the church, while the people were running and scrambling to touch the coffin, or the pall. Some threw their *tarbooshes* at it to gain a blessing. Once it was carried outside the church, in order to give the women an opportunity of being blessed. Many women were weeping violently while it passed."

The natives not only laugh at the priests and men who are connected with their holy places, but they ridicule and despise the holy places themselves, even though they are too superstitious to give them up. The great thing with the sheikhs who keep them is the *piastres* they make from the visitors; while the people visit them for the sake of some magic good or charm they suppose is in them. They go to them to be cured of sickness, just as they hire men to go to the

mosques to sing by the hour, in a sort of minor chant, the "Praise of Mohammed's Mother" or to yell with all their lungs from the top of the mosque to drive away the evil.

When Dr. Jessup was in Duma, in 1858, a Greek Catholic priest named Hanna met him in the market-place, and accosted him:

"Can you perform miracles?"

"I can perform as many as you," was his answer; "though neither of us can perform any."

"Then," said the priest, "you are no minister; you have no right to preach. But I will try you, and see. We will build a fire in the *tennûr* (an oven like a barrel sunk in the ground), and then both shall go down head-foremost into the fire, and the one whose beard is not burned shall be declared the true teacher.'

"Agreed," said Dr. Jessup; "but on one condition, *Abbûna:* you shall go down first, after I build the fire; and if your beard is not

burned, then I will go down. If yours is burned, it will be decided that you are an impostor."

The old man had no more to say to him, but turning to the crowd that had gathered during the talk, said:

"I forbid you to talk with this man, and any one who does it is under the curse of the Church.'

CHAPTER XII.

THE IGNORANCE.

AS for ignorance, it is like people, like priest." It would astonish a schoolboy to hear of the blunders and lack of knowledge shown by even those who are considered learned.

Comets, eclipses, meteors, and all unusual sights in the sky, are looked upon by the majority of the people as portents dire and terrible, produced by some malign spirit, who thus seeks to foretell wars, pestilence, and famine. But men and women who have been educated and instructed in the Bible, have learned to look with satisfaction and delight upon these phenomena, and by their calmness, and evident interest, disarm the fears of their less intelligent neighbors. When an eclipse takes place, the Moslems turn out

in crowds with gongs and copper kettles, on which they beat hideous music to drive away the evil monster who is devouring the sun or moon.

One Greek priest confidently declared that the world did not revolve on its axis. (Not one man in a thousand in Syria believes that it does.) He said it could not be that it turned over every day, "For I have always observed that the door of my house fronts toward the east; whereas, if the earth turned over, the front would be one-half the time toward the west.

The Arabs call a comet *nejn abû denab*, i. e. star, father of a tail. The one which in 1861 appeared in the northern sky filled the Oriental mind with consternation. It appeared first to the Syrian people on Sunday evening, June 30, and was regarded as an evil omen. The wiser heads among the superstitious Arabs began to prophesy war, pestilence, and famine, and the general terror was increased by the news of the death of the Sultan Abd ul Medjid. "Did we

not *know* it?" said the Arab mountaineers. "Was not the 'father of a tail' directly over Stamboul, where no star 'father of a tail' ever appeared before?" In vain did the missionaries urge that the comet had no connection with pestilence, death, and war. The people were as shrewd as they were superstitious, and reminded them of the war in America, the famine in India, and the death of the Sultan, to prove that these 'fathers of tails' are none other than ill-boding messengers from the dark abysses of the sky, to warn the earth that evil days are at hand. An Arab boy in the family of a missionary, came to his employer on the 3d of July, looking very sober, and said, "O Khowadji, I am not afraid of the star 'father of a tail;' I am not superstitious like the rest; but then *this one don't walk straight.* It neither rises nor sets, but stands over Constantinople and the land of Muscobe." The nearness of the comet to the polar star, and its revolution around that centre, neither setting nor rising, as

well-behaved comets are wont to do, was an additional cause of alarm to this ignorant people, who thought that the times must indeed be crooked, when the heavenly bodies "did not walk straight!"

In the later part of 1870 there was a magnificent display of the Northern Lights visible in Syria, very red and very brilliant. The people were dreadfully frightened. The summer before, some Englishman had caused a great excitement among the poor people, by telling them that he had ascertained that a pillar of fire was gradually making its way to the earth from the sun, and that by calculations it had been found that it would reach the earth some time during that year. So the first notice some of the missionaries had of the phenomenon was a timid knock at the door, which, when opened, showed a pale and trembling Arab servant, who could just muster courage to say, "See! What is it? It must be the pillar of fire has descended into the sea." It seems this

story had taken such strong hold on the imaginations of the people they could not get rid of it. And now they thought it had come to pass. One old woman knelt down and kissed the ground, exclaiming, "Thank the Lord, it has gone into the sea, and not upon us;" and called on all about her to get down on their knees and give thanks. Others thought it a bad omen, a sign of blood, or war. Some even thought it might be Paris burning! And it required the utmost exertions of the missionaries and the teachers and scholars of the mission schools to restore quiet.

The following is the translation of a letter from Damascus to the Arabic journal of Beirût, written in November, 1866, describing the great meteoric shower of that month. The writer is one of the learned men of Damascus, the scholar Soleyman Effendi Sooleh, who says:

"During the past night, which corresponds to the morning of Wednesday, the 14th of

November, the stars began the war from the east to the west, and from the south to the northern side. They dashed at the pace of fiery steeds and ghouls, so that you could not distinguish the Pleiades from the Hyades for the passing of the meteors across them, and for the intensity of the brightness. But you now thought that the two stars in Leo's nose had been dispersed, and the two Fishes were eclipsed and immersed, and the Spearman of Arcturus had forgotten his spear, thinking only of his own safety through fear, and the Adhal was complaining to the bright daughters of Ursa Major of the extent of his wound, and the lofty pole had fallen into the claws of the Eagle, and the Hedleah was prostrate, and the face of night became like a leopard's skin. And to sum up all, the heavens were like a sphere of fire, or a gleaming of sparks, save that the sparks and the fire were harmless, not touching our earth or injuring our safety; as if Night's daring horsemen, who continued till morning

beating one another in single combat, gave us protection and peace. This I write for His Highness our Prince the Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz Khan. May God perpetuate the seat of his government to the end of the earth's revolution!"

The great Arab poet, the Sheikh Nasif el Yazijy, refused to believe the predictions of this meteoric display, which the missionaries had translated from the published papers of Prof. Newton, of Yale College; but he was roused up at midnight by the Protestant young men, and forced to believe the evidence of his senses.

The ignorance of the people fosters their superstitious reverence for the power and knowledge of the rulers and authorities in distant cities.

In Latakiah some one started the story one day that word had come by telegraph from the Sultan that there was to be an earthquake that night; whereupon almost the entire population,

believing the story, left their houses and camped out under the olive-trees.

The telegraph, as might well be imagined, is a source of unending astonishment to the Arabs. They say if Mohammed had only had the telegraph he would surely have converted the whole world, for it is the greatest of all miracles.

It is very hard for the Arabs to understand why the sea does not spill out when the earth turns over. A young man, once calling on Dr. Jessup, laughed at him for having a *squash* on his study table. He had never seen a globe. He said he did not see why he had the squash in a frame. Another man wished to know whether the earth had a brass ring around it like that on the globe, remarking at the same time, that it *must take a great deal of brass!*

An old doctor of Duma, named Haj Ibrahim, after reading Robinson Crusoe in Arabic, told the people he knew that book was true, and it was the greatest book in the world, for he saw

Robinson in Arabia when he came back from his island! That doctor was the man who begged some copies of the *New-York Tribune*, and dissolved them into a pulp in oil and water, and gave the pulp to sick people as a very powerful medicine. And one day, when Mr. Lyons told him of his uncle's missionary work in the Sandwich Islands, he answered promptly, "Oh, yes, I have often heard of him in my travels in Abyssinia. He is the man who converted a hundred and fifty thousand cannibals. That was something like missionary work."

A Maronite once called on the missionaries and told them that on a certain feast-day he dug in the ground in many places, and he found that wherever any one should dig on that day he would find charcoal: as he had discovered great quantities.

A carpenter living at Tripoli once entertained a company with some speculations on the origin of the Mediterranean Sea. He said that it was made by order of Alexander

the Great, who built a dam somewhere across the mouths of all the rivers, and thus the great "Sea of the Greeks" was formed. He then asked how people got water to drink in America. He said that he had seen men who knew all about it, and they told him that one of the large fountains above Beirût, flows under ground in a channel under the Sea of the Greeks and the other great sea, and comes out again in America! He said this with so much gravity that the company could not charge him with wilfully inventing it as a lie; yet they were almost convulsed with laughter; and when they explained its utter impossibility, he joined in the laugh. When he was told that there is one river in America so large that it could not be put into Syria, even if it were coiled up like a snake, and for many miles it was wider than from Tripoli to the Meena, he had no more to say about theories on the "origin of springs."

Two miles from Tripoli is the Bedawee,

or Mosque of the Sacred Fish. In a *Birket*, or pool, beneath a large sycamore-tree, are hundreds of the fish, which the Moslems regard with the greatest veneration. They say the pool has been there seven hundred years; that the souls of good Mohammedans go into the fish; and that if any person eats one of the fish he will surely die. And they give as evidence the fact that five hundred of Ibrahim Pasha's soldiers, who ate of the fish, died soon after of the small-pox.

Superstition and ignorance lead to many cruel methods of preventing or curing disease. The treatment is heroic if not successful. Almost every man, woman, and child in Syria has a little bald spot on the top of the head, where in infancy the scalp was burned with a hot iron to cure some disease of the skin. This treatment by actual cautery is, however, going out of fashion among the more enlightened.

There was once a sad case in the school

at Beirût, where the ignorance of the native doctors caused a poor girl very great suffering.

Among the very few men who escaped the bloody massacre of Hasbeiya, in 1860, was an honest broad-faced Protestant named Assaf Bû Kalam, or Assaf Father of Words. He came to Beirût with the other refugees, and remained for years, and, when he returned to Hasbeiya, placed his daughter Sada in the Beirût Female Seminary. She was an interesting child, and remarkably well-behaved. On her way home, in the summer of 1866, she fell from her mule and broke her thigh. She was carried on in great distress to her home in Hasbeiya, where ignorant native doctors practised upon her, until the fracture partly healed, but leaving the joint in an unnatural condition, so that she could not use her foot without great pain. In November, she was brought on to Beirût, and entered the school again. Doctors Brigstocke and Post

examined the case, and found it necessary to give her chloroform and wrench the joint loose again by main force. It was a serious and difficult operation, and but for chloroform would have been impossible. After it was over, she looked up and asked, "Are they going to fix my leg now?" and when she learned that all was over, her gratitude knew no bounds. Afterward she was bandaged and strapped to a wooden framework, and suffered very great pain; but she was patient, and always smiled when any one went in to see her. The doctor finally prepared a jointed iron rod fitting into a stiff shoe for her to wear, and by its aid she walked for several years.

Indeed, the people have had so many reasons to distrust these boastful but stupid quacks, that they often prefer to bring their sick children to some sheikh's tomb, or use some charm or relic on them, or get the sheikh to read the Koran over them, or follow some

senseless device, rather than trust the apparently more senseless doctors.

A Moslem sheikh, who had just returned from the pilgrimage to Mecca, died in Tripoli, in 1859. His body was washed as usual before burial. After his burial, the water in which he had been washed was carefully bottled and saved for medicine! On the way to the grave, they held down the body, to keep it from flying away to Paradise by the force of sheer holiness.

And yet, ignorant as almost all the Arabs are, they seem as ready as any people to laugh at what appears to them ignorance in others. And they have stories to tell of particular villages where the inhabitants are noted for their stupidity.

B'herry, near the Cedars of Lebanon, is one of the places where the people are so ignorant that the other villages laugh at them. They say that a pasha once passed through B'herry attended by a black slave. The people had

never seen a black slave before, and thought it would be a fine thing to have black men do all their work without pay, so they planted charcoal in their fields, in order to raise a crop of slaves!

Speaking of negroes, there is a nursery-song about them showing about as much sense as the people of B'herry had:

> "Oh, the black boy's very black,
> He came from far away;
> He was a *little* black before,
> But now the heat has made it more."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SUPERSTITIONS.

ONE of the worst effects of the ignorance of the people is seen in its effect on their religious notions, betraying them into so many superstitions. In Maronite Lebanon, especially near B'herry and Ehden, the ignorant women confidently believe that the Virgin Mary created and preserves them. In the Kesrawan, it is said that they pray to our mother Hindîyeh, one of the most infamous creatures that Syria has ever produced. Mount Lebanon is full of traditions and stories of her atrocious career. She was a young Maronite damsel of Aleppo, and came to public notice in the latter part of the last century, about 1770. She fasted, wore hair-cloth, and pretended to work miracles. She soon became the object of religious reverence

among the superstitious mountaineers, and by some means raised an enormous sum of money in Damascus, Aleppo, Beirût, and Lebanon, and erected the colossal pile of buildings now known as Deir B'kurkeh in the Kesrawan district of Lebanon, and occupied as the winter residence of the Maronite Patriarch. The convent was soon filled with monks and nuns, and scenes of iniquity and blood were enacted within its walls, which the people now relate with a shudder. She allured young women into the convent through religious enthusiasm, and they became the victims of the most diabolical crimes. She professed to make the journey to India or Hind and back in a single night, and hence was called Hindîyeh. At evening she would gather the nuns together before the barred window opening into her room, and they would see her seated on a huge he-goat, and she would bid them farewell, as she was setting out for India. The window was then

shut, and they retired. In the morning they were brought back to the window to witness her return from India, and saw her coming in on the goat, with her arms full of cocoa-nuts and nutmegs from India, which a messenger brought up from Beirût! Many of the nuns died, yet no one knew the cause. She reigned like a tyrant in her mountain fortress, and the people were perplexed by the conflict between the accounts of her piety, fasting, and miracles, on the one hand, and the dark stories of murder and violence on the other.

At length, a travelling merchant was overtaken by the darkness near this convent, and as the gates were shut on his arrival, he slept without the walls. At midnight, he was awakened by the opening of the gates. From one of the doors issued three women with spades and shovels in their hands, followed by two men bearing a long white heavy bundle. They buried it under a pile of stones

and rubbish, and then returned to the house. The traveller was alarmed, and took his departure before daybreak. He had a friend in Beirût, who some months before had placed his two daughters in B'kurkeh. He called on him and narrated his experience. The merchant said he had heard that one of his daughters was ill, and was troubled by the fact that so many of the nuns died. After long conversation with his friend, they mounted their horses and rode up to the convent. He asked to see his daughters, and was refused permission. He appealed to the Emir Yusef, of Lebanon, at Deir el Komr. The Emir sent a body of horsemen, who opened the grave and found the body of the merchant's daughter. Her sister was found confined in the convent and almost dead. She revealed a scene of such abominable wickedness as almost petrified the hearers, and to which she, like her sister, was about to fall a victim. The pretended saint was arrested. The patri-

arch was suspended and deposed. The matter was appealed to Rome. The Propaganda instituted an inquiry, and discovered scenes of the most infamous profligacy and horrible cruelty. It was proved that Hindîyeh destroyed her nuns sometimes to get their property, and sometimes because they were not submissive to her infamous orders. She had a movable platform on which she pretended to ascend when under the influence of the Holy Ghost. By means of a fine thread, the censer in her hand would suddenly rise up to the ceiling of the chapel in proof of her divine inspiration. She claimed to be the Mother of God returned to earth, and many other monstrous extravagancies. She was shut up in several convents, from which she often managed to escape. A large party still adhered to her, and she kept up her diabolical hypocrisy to the last. She died in 1802, and to this day the Maronites call her *El Um Hindîyeh*, Mother Hindîyeh.

These superstitions are most painfully manifest in all matters that pertain to death.

There is nothing in the religion of the natives as in Christianity to take away the fear of death, but rather everything to in crease it.

Among the Bedawins, when a man dies he is buried in any convenient place. The funeral service consists of a recital of the virtues of the deceased, an essential part of which is, "He was a good man: he could steal by moonlight and in the dark."

A Syrian cemetery is very likely to be sim ply an open wilderness. On one side is a cave, with loose stones thrown before its mouth. In this the children are buried. These stones are taken away: the little body, over which flowers have been strewn, is taken out of the open coffin and put into the cave, with nothing over it, but two stones are thrown in with the body; and then the stones are piled up again, though so loosely that it is altogether likely that the

jackals will break in before midnight, and devour the body! If the priest be asked why they do not bury the child in a grave, he will say, "This custom is owing to a superstition of the people that it will not do to dig a new grave for a child;" and he will very likely add, "When I go home, I cannot enter any other house until I have first been to my own The two stones are thrown in because ill luck would follow burying one thing at a time." These old superstitions are beginning to pass away; but in June, 1872, a little girl was buried in this way in Sidon, and the poor father felt very sadly about it, but no one would dig a new grave for his daughter!

In the autumn of 1870, a boy, the son of a Druze beg or prince, died at Abeih, where the missionaries from Beirût had been spending their summer. He died on Sunday. The fact was announced by the great wailing of the women. Immediately all the people of the village went to the house to offer their sympa-

thies. A procession was formed, first of men, then of women, who marched round and round the house all the rest of the day, wailing at the top of their voices: this they kept up until late at night, and for a whole week, every day, from sunrise until nine or ten o'clock at night—not the same persons all the time, for they would soon become hoarse; but one set of persons after another, in companies of thirty or forty or more. They came from all the villages round about, and to a looker-on it seemed like a grand feast and jubilee. The father had a tent pitched outside, where he received his friends, and the women remained inside the house. The seventh day after the burial the service was reënacted. A very great crowd having collected, men played with swords, while women and men were screaming in a perfect Babel. A little after noon the procession formed and proceeded to the grave, carrying an image dressed in the clothes of the boy. After weeping awhile about the grave, the people

dispersed. That was the end of the mourning until the fourteenth day, when it would be again gone through with.

On the way to the grave and after the burial the mourners sing their doleful songs. Here are some of them :

"You are taking my child, ye bearers !
Oh, carry *me* on the bier !
I am not like the iron heavy,
My weight you've no reason to fear,
In the way of peace now bear me,
Well pleased I'll journey on !
If the chains of sorrow wear me,
You'll never hear a groan ;
And if I die on the passage,
You may bury me under a stone."

"O girls, have you seen a fair maiden,
With perfumes and choice *henna* laden,
All robed in her garments so fair,
And with lilies entwined in her hair?"
"We saw her and called,
But no answer she gave ;
We called her again,
All was still as the grave."

Here are others, sung at the burial of a young man :

"Ye mules of the money-changers,
Coming from the plain,
Tell them that the bridegroom
Is coming back again.
Tell them that his mother
Is in deepest grief;
Weeping o'er her bridegroom,
Finding no relief."

The next is the call of the dead man:

"O captain of the ship,
'Tis sundown long ago;
The sun is down, we did not come;
Captain, we did not go.
Lord, send me one to take me home,
And so relieve my mother's woe!"

Then the father addresses the dead son:

"Did you salute me here,
O my child?
Oh, morning sad and drear,
O my child!"

And the people address the mother:

"O mother, don't sleep on a bedstead,
For Milham is now on the bier;
Oh, weep and lament his departure,
The sheikhs and the bearers are here!"

The superstitious notions of these people

have destroyed their reverence for even the truth they once received. And though they are very particular in observing many religious forms, it is done in a heartless way, that makes the observance more profane than the neglect would be. When a Greek sits down to eat, he begins in the most heartless and irreverent way, by crossing himself three times, and saying, *B'ism il Ab, wil Ibn, wa'r Ruah el Kuds*, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

One day, while Dr. Jessup was spending the summer in Duma (in August, 1859), an old man named Hanna el Haddad, that is, John Smith, called, and according to the custom by which every guest, even a caller, is fed, they gave him some stewed pears to eat. There were three pieces in the dish, and the old man, in accordance with his habit, named them from the three persons in the Trinity, and said, "I will now eat the Father, then the Son, and then the Holy Ghost!" They who heard him exclaimed with

amazement, and rebuked him, although he was a white-bearded old man. Said he, "Is it not proper to use the name of God at all times?" Dr. Jessup answered, "Yes, if we do it with solemnity and reverence; but such talk as that is blasphemy." Yet the next minute he remarked to the priest Job, who sat near, that he had eaten the Holy Trinity, and they both burst into a loud laugh.

Out of superstition grows reverence for supposed saints. One of the famous characters among the Druzes, Sit Selma Aieed, a Druze maiden of Ain Zehalteh, died some twelve years ago, aged about fifty. She was learned in the mysterious lore of the Druzes, was initiated into their secrets, attended the meetings at the Khulweh, and was for years an oracle. Her house was a refuge to the shedder of blood, and a word or a letter from her would guarantee the protection of any person who had injured another, from the *lex talionis* of the old Lebanon *régime*. A man of the family of the present Protestant

native pastor in Ain Zehalteh (who rejoices in the euphonious name of Maghubghub), once had a quarrel with a leading Druze sheikh, threw him down, and put his foot on his neck. The insult was intolerable, and the Druzes flew to arms. He fled to Sit Selma's house for protection. She stepped outside the door, and by a word assuaged the tumult of wrath, and obliged the injured party to swear that they would never touch the man who had fled to her for protection. When she died it was mid-winter, and Ain Zehalteh is high up near the very summit of Southern Lebanon, amid the winter snows and mountain storms; yet hundreds of the Druze sheikhs, begs, and Akkals, from all parts of Lebanon, came barefooted over the snow to Ain Zehalteh to her funeral. They did it with the expectation of receiving some special benediction from the sanctity of such a holy saint!

A somewhat common sight in Syria is that of the Moslem saints who wander about the

country. And strange-looking saints the horrible wretches are! They walk about stark naked, with their black matted hair dangling down their backs. And the people flock about them, and kiss their hands and give them presents. If a man is a little crazy the Moslems think him inspired, and do not dare to touch him. Formerly these naked wretches used to be allowed to roam about everywhere, but the Government forbids it in such places as Beirût and Tripoli, for their words and actions are infamous and disgusting in the extreme.

These superstitions are not confined to the people and their religious acts, but they mould the teaching of their wisest rulers. Here is a specimen of their legends, and a specimen of exegesis. The Moslems say that the Garden of Eden was not in this world, but in the skies; and when Adam and Eve *fell*, they tumbled down out of Paradise into this world Eve landed on a mountain near

Mecca, and Adam in Ceylon. Adam set out to find Eve, and walked over India and Persia, and everywhere he stepped a city grew up. At length he found her, and she knew him; and the mountain where he found hei was called *Jebel Arafat*, because "Arafat" means "*she knew*" him. The Moslem idea is certainly literal, for they believe that the "fall" was a great tumble. They do not seem to have any conception of a fall into sin, by which men have "lost communion with God." When they pray, they merely repeat words from memory, and they have little idea of prayer. A Moslem was once present when a Christian family were having Arabic prayers, and when prayer was ended, he asked, unconsciously falling into the spirit of the latest philosophy, "Do you *suppose God heard that?*" It seemed a new idea to him that any one should expect God to *hear* a prayer.

The Moslems say that they believe in the Old and New Testaments, but they make

strange work in interpreting them. An Arabic book written to prove that Mohammed is a prophet, asserts that many of the Psalms refer to him, especially the forty-fifth, which is counted as one of the peculiarly Messianic Psalms. Here is part of the interpretation:

"*A good matter*" means the words, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

"*My tongue is the pen of a ready writer,*" i. e. God gave to Mohammed eloquence greater than to any other man, and the Koran is the most eloquent of all books.

"*Gird thy sword,*" etc. Mohammed was a warrior, and carried a sword on his thigh, and ought and conquered.

'*Fairer than the children of men.*" Mohammed was beautiful.

"*Thine arrows are sharp.*" Christ had no arrows, and Mohammed had. Christ bade men sheathe the sword, and not fight with it. Mohammed conquered, and Christ was con-

quered. The people fell under Mohammed, and did not fall under Christ.

"*All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.*" Christ did not dwell in kingly glory, but Mohammed did, and Mohammed's garments smelt of perfumes and rich spices. Then the writer says that the perfumes which came from Mohammed's garments were emitted *from his own body!* When his friends embraced him, the perfume of his body would remain upon them a long time. When men sought him, they could find him by the smell. A good many of his followers could be found in the same way now—especially after dining on their favorite garlic.

The Mohammedans are about the most bitter enemies of the Christian religion that missionaries ever meet. They think Christians are idolators, because they worship Christ, who they say is only a man. What makes it harder to work among the Moslems is, that they have

seen the false, idolatrous parodies of Christianity in the East, so long, that they think one denomination claiming the name of Christ is just as bad as the rest. The Greeks and Maro nites worship pictures and images, and pray to the Virgin Mary and to saints, and the Moslems think all Christians do the same. But since they have been able to look into Protestant Churches, and see there no idols, and especially since they have heard the Word of God in simplicity preached and read in their own tongue, they have begun to think there is a difference.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRUZES.

THE Druzes hold views of Christ which are, if possible, still more improper and false than those of the Moslems. Indeed, falsehood seems one of the corner-stones of their religion. One of their books of doctrine, after asserting that Hamzé, their leader or founder, was the true Messiah, goes on to say: "The false Messiah is he who was born of Mary, for he is the son of Joseph;" and then proceeds in the catechetical fashion with questions and answers, as follows:

"Where was the true Messiah while the false Messiah was with the disciples?

"He accompanied him, and was of the number of his disciples; he dictated the words of the Gospel, and instructed the Messiah, the son of Joseph; . . . and the latter at first received all his instructions with patience and docility; but

having at last disregarded his words, the true Messiah inspired the Jews with hatred against him, and they crucified him.

"What became of him after he had been crucified?

"He was placed in the grave, but the true Messiah came and stole him from the grave, and hid him in the garden; after which he spread the report that the Messiah had risen from the dead.

"Why did he act in this manner?

"To establish the Christian religion. . . .

"Why did he do this, and deceive unbelievers?

"He did this in *order that the Unitarians* (Druzes) *might remain concealed under the shelter of the Christian religion without anybody knowing them.*

'Who is he then, who, it is said, proceeded from the tomb and entered, the doors being closed, into the place where the disciples were assembled together?

"The Messiah, living and immortal, who is Hamzé, servant and slave of our Lord Hakem."

By this diabolical invention the Druzes are enabled to greet Christian missionaries with the greatest courtesy and cordiality, and to profess, as more than one Druze beg has professed, the most profound brotherly affection. In fact, they could, individually or collectively, make an open profession of Christianity to-day, be baptized, and publicly accept Protestant doctrines, and yet remain inwardly good (or rather *bad*) Druzes. In 1841 the whole Druze nation was on the point of embracing Protestant Christianity in order to escape the military conscription, but were prevented by political interference, and in 1842 they were all compelled by Omar Pasha to turn Moslems. Their Islamism lasted only while the pressure was upon them.

In their catechism are the following questions:

"Q. Why, when we are questioned on the

subject of our religion, do we *deny all books save the Koran?*

"A. Know that since we are obliged to conceal ourselves under the veil of Mohammedanism, it is necessary that we should accept the book of Mohammed. We are not liable to reproach in so doing, . . . for the simple reason that it is our *duty to conceal our real belief.*

"Q. But are we not selfish in not wishing all men to be saved?

"A. It is not a principle of selfishness; for the preaching is suppressed, *the door is closed.* Those who have been unbelievers must continue so, and those who have believed will continue in the faith."

The Druzes also believe that their number is fixed, and that they neither increase nor diminish, throughout all ages. If one apostatizes, they say he was *not of the original number*, but before his transmigration into his present body was of the same sect to which he has now returned. They believe that their bodies will

never arise, but their souls migrate into other bodies, and whenever a Druze dies, he at once reappears in a body just born in another place. A Druze boy in one of the American mission schools in Lebanon, always stopped his ears with his fingers on hearing the discharge of a gun, and displayed symptoms of alarm. On being asked by his teacher, a Protestant, why he was afraid, he replied, "I was born murdered," meaning that the soul of a murdered man had passed into his body at the moment of his birth. The Nusairîyeh hold to the same belief, and mothers who have buried their sons will console themselves oftentimes with having found another boy, born just at the time of the son's decease, into whose body the son's soul entered.

Hamzé, in a treatise designed for Female Unitarians (Druzes), says: "If any one among you should say, 'I have confessed the Unity of our Lord Hakem, I never cease to make profession of it, and I have no need of a Mediator,

the path of truth is closed to such a woman. Have you not heard in your *mejlis* (meetings) of wisdom, what is said of a candle, which, in its complete state, represents the Unitarian religion, but when the different parts which compose it are separated, it no longer forms a perfect candle? One may call the wax, the wick, the flame, the candlestick, by their different names, but one can no longer employ the word candle; on the contrary, when all these parts are united, then a complete candle is formed. Learn, Society of Female Unitarians, why this allegory has been proposed to you. It is to teach you that you cannot possess the knowledge of the religion of the Unity, but in knowing all the Ministers of Religion." These Ministers of Religion are five in number:

I. Hamzé, the "Universal Intelligence," or "the Preceding," the only minister whose creation is the immediate work of the Divinity.

II. Ismael, the "Universal Soul," or the Following, holding the rank of a female in rela-

tion to Hamzé, but of a male with regard to the inferior ministers.

III. Mohammed Wahab, "the Word," or the Application, produced from the Soul by the Intelligence.

IV. Selama, the "Right Wing," produced from the Word by the Soul.

V. Moktana Bohaedeen, the "Splendor of Religion," or the Left Wing.

These five form the religious Hierarchy, in some mysterious and incomprehensible sense, which no Druze, man or woman, ever understood or can understand.

The exposition which Hamzé gives of the Hierarchy is as follows:

"Our Lord produced from his glorious light the Universal Intelligence; from the light of the Intelligence he produced the Soul; from the light of the Soul, the Word; from the light of the Word, the Preceding; from the light of the Preceding, the Following; and from the light of the Following he has produced the

earth and all that it contains, the spheres which make their circular revolutions, the twelve signs of the Zodiac, the four elements, and matter which is the fifth element."

In such morasses of nonsense must every Druze wade, who seeks for life and truth.

The seven moral precepts, which seem so beautiful at first blush, are in reality only the cover of the vilest immorality. "Speak the truth always," a good precept, a golden rule, but then it means speak the truth *to Druzes alone.* Hamzé says, "Believe the truth, and never deceive the brethren. Yet you are not obliged, brethren, to observe the truth in words toward men who are in ignorance, blindness, and obscurity. Truth, however, is always a matter of politeness; but what I mean is, there is *no actual obligation* imposed upon you to *speak truth to the rest of mankind.*"

"If one has borrowed anything, he may deny the debt." "You are to pretend not to know the mysteries of your religion, and

to profess the religion of the power to which you may be subject, even though it is impious."

The Druzes have no religious ceremonies whatever; and what is more remarkable, and perhaps unexampled, they are a *people without prayer.*

They enjoin chastity among women, and punish unchastity with death.

They regard Druzism as the body, and all other religions as dresses of different colors, which they can don or doff at their pleasure. When they meet a Protestant, they are Protestants; a Moslem, they are Moslems; a Jew, they are Jews; a Greek, they are Greeks; outwardly they call Mohammed a prophet, and inwardly they style him a monkey, a devil, and a bastard.

A Druze sheikh called at Rev. Mr. Bird's, in Deir el Komr. The teacher slept in the same room with him, and asked him about his religion. "Oh, my brother my faith is exactly yours; we are brethren."

The teacher, a staunch Protestant, in order to test him, said, "Do you believe in the adoration of the Virgin Mary?"

"Certainly."

"And in the supremacy of the Pope?"

"By all means."

"And in priestly absolution?"

"Of course I do."

"But I do not, sir; I am an Enjeely, a Gospel man, who rejects all these errors of Rome."

"Oh, ah, I see. You did not understand me. I do not believe them. I meant to say that I am an Enjeely too, and reject all the errors of Rome." And he said this with the most bland complacency, and without a blush or a hesitating word.

CHAPTER XV.

THE NUSAIRIYEH

TO the north of Mount Lebanon, and along the low range of mountains extending from Antioch to Tripoli, and from the Mediterranean on the west to Hums on the east, live a strange, wild, blood-thirsty race, called the Nusairîyeh, numbering about two hundred thousand souls. They are thought by some to be the descendants of the old Canaanites. They are now for the first time in their history coming within the range of missionary effort.

The Druzes admit women to the Akkal or initiated class, but not so the Nusairîyeh The great secret of the Sacrament is administered in a secluded place, the women being shut up in a house, or kept away from the mysteries. In these assemblies the sheikh

reads prayers, and then all join in cursing Abubekr, Omar, Othman, Sheikhet-Turkoman, and the Christians and others. Then he gives a spoonful of wine first to the sheikhs present, and then to all the rest. They then eat fruit, offer other prayers, and the assembly breaks up. The rites of initiation, which are administered to youths before they are grown up, and which last several days, are frightful in the extreme, attended by threats, imprecations, and blasphemous oaths, declaring their lives forfeited if they expose the secrets of the order. Their conceit on account of the mysteries into which they have been initiated makes it exceedingly hard for Christian teachers to approach them. An old sheikh some time since met Aiesa, a colporteur, one of the good brethren of Safita, who goes around on his little donkey to preach and sell books. He goes among the wild people, to villages where notorious robbers live, among Nusairîyeh, Moslems, Bedawin, and Metawileh, and

no one molests him. His donkey is hardly worth stealing, and they have a kind of respect for a man who has books, especially religious books. The old sheikh, after talking with him some time, said, "You need not ask me to become a Christian. Your religion may do well enough for your simple folk, but we Nusairîyeh have it given to us to understand the deep mysteries. Every man has a religion according to his capacity." That is, he meant that he knew more than the Bible, and that his poor degraded people knew more than the Christian nations. As usual, the more ignorant men are the more conceited. In their creed, Ali is the chief divinity, and they claim that he created the lord Mohammed from the light of his unity, and from the power of his eternity, and through Mohammed created all things.

As Ali resides in the sun, they turn their faces toward the sun when praying. In the Kumrîyeh sect, the women and children, and

even the men are extremely afraid of the sun and moon, and pray to them.

They also believe, like the Druzes, in the transmigration of souls, excepting that they hold that the souls of their enemies will pass into dogs, donkeys, swine, and other unclean animals. When they hear the jackals crying toward dusk, they laugh and say, "Those are the Mussulmans calling to afternoon prayers, for the souls of Mussulmans pass into jackals." The souls of Christians, they say, enter swine, and the Jews go into monkeys.

The soul of a devout Nusaîry can enter into paradise after passing successively into only a small number of bodies; but the soul of another must have dwelt in eighty bodies. The souls of infidels must pass through five frightful degrees, Fesgh, Nesgh, Mesgh, Wesgh, and Resgh, and after that remain in the world as sheep.

Believing that souls are but parts of the divine essence, or at least of the essence of

light, they think that the stars are perfected souls, and the Milky Way is the paradise of souls turned to stars. When a sheikh or holy man dies, they believe that one of the planets descends and takes the departing soul to the Milky Way. And at the death of a sheikh they will watch for the appearance of a new star in the heavens, or to see the planet Jupiter descend to take his soul. Soleyman Effendi, a Nusaîry sheikh, once, moved by curiosity and doubt, began to investigate the mysteries of his faith. He determined to watch the planet Jupiter, at the death of every Nusaîry, and see whether it actually descended to the earth or not. To his great amazement, though he watched the planet at the very moment when several well-known sheikhs died, it did not remove from its place nor undergo the least change. His faith was thus shaken; and he went on from one step to another, until he concluded that there must be a better religion than such pagan

absurdities, and turned Mohammedan. He was a Mohammedan about a month, when, as he says, he "found in the Koran three hundred lies, and seventy great lies," so that he was unwilling to remain longer a Moslem. He then studied the books of the Greek Church, turned Greek, and was baptized by a merchant of Adana. Entering on this new faith, he was horrified to find, that though professing to worship the true God, the Greeks actually worshipped pictures, and *ate their God* (in the mass). He says he had read, in an old copy of Robinson Crusoe, translated into Arabic, about men eating one another, but here were people eating their God—for they claimed that the bread and wine in the sacrament were really changed into the humanity and divinity of Christ!

Finding Christianity to be of such a nature as this, and knowing of no better form of it, he concluded that he would become a Jew, as the Jews read the Old Testament in the

original, and all sects acknowledge the Old Testament as true. For four years he continued a professed Jew, and learned to read the Hebrew of the Old Testament and the Talmud. He was at first greatly troubled lest God could not admit a heathen among his chosen people; but says he was quite relieved when he read that Ruth and Rahab, both heathen women, were among the progenitors of David. Two things, at length, led him to leave the Jewish faith, viz. the absurdities and blasphemies of the Talmud, and the prophecies with regard to the coming of Christ. He then decided that he would become a Christian again, hoping to do so without adopting picture worship and transubstantiation. As he was baptized before by a layman, he now applied to a priest, but found no special difference, as he was obliged to worship pictures again, and eat his God. He could not remain a Greek; he had tried pa-

ganism, Judaism, and Islamism in vain, and now began to look for something else.

The Greeks had told him of the "religion of the Angleez" (Protestants), and that they were an heretical sect, who denied the resurrection; and he wrote a tract against their heresy, bringing proofs from Scripture for the doctrine of the resurrection. A Greek from Beirût, living in Adana, told him that there were learned Greeks in Beirût who could convince him of the truth of transubstantiation and the propriety of picture worship. While visiting this man, he saw a book lying on the table, which he took up and began to read. It was a copy of Dr. Meshaka's work on the Papacy, in Arabic. He was so absorbed in the book, that the Greek, who had bought it for his own use against the Catholics, and not to make Protestants, became alarmed, and took it from him. He then went out, determined to get it for him self, and finally found Mr. Coffing, and Ada-

door the native helper, whom he had before regarded as Sadducees, and obtained the book. He was delighted. Here was Christianity which neither enjoined picture worship nor taught transubstantiation. He became a Protestant at once, and wrote to Damascus, to Dr. Meshaka, thanking him for having written such a work.

The Mohammedans and Nusairîyeh were now leagued against him, and took away his wife and child, and his property. He was thrown into prison, and two Moslem sheikhs came and tried to induce him to become again a Moslem or Nusaîry. They pictured before him the sensual delights of Paradise; but he replied that they were welcome to his share of their Paradise—he was rooted in the religion of Christ and would not leave it. He remained in prison twenty-one days, and then was sent as a conscript to enter the Turkish army at Damascus. While in prison he wrote several prayers which he read to the mission-

aries, in which he plead that God, who rescued Joseph and David and Daniel, and the three Hebrew youths, would rescue him from prison and from the hands of his enemies. Though illegally arrested, being a Christian, and not liable to conscription, his hands were put in wooden stocks, and he was marched by land all the way to Damascus. Just before reaching Damascus he found some Protestants at Nebk, and requested them to write to Dr. Meshaka to use efforts for his release after he reached that city. After a week's search, Dr. M. found him in a loathsome prison. Though his fellow-conscripts declared that he was a Christian, the Turkish authorities refused to release him until, providentially, Colonel Fraser, the British Commissioner to Syria, visited Damascus, heard of the case, and procured his release. He remained a month with Dr. Meshaka, and then came to Beirût. He appeared to be anxious to labor for the conversion of the Nusairîyeh people,

who are in gross darkness and ignorance. He had a thorough acquaintance with the Scriptures, knowing whole chapters by heart, and was familiar with the Arabic, Turkish, and Armenian, and somewhat so with the Hebrew.

He went to Latakia, a station north of Beirût, occupied by the Reformed Presbyterians, and while there printed, at the mission press, an Arabic book disclosing the secrets of the Nusaireh religion, which for so long a time has been a profound mystery. The book created quite a sensation through all the country. One curious incident is mentioned in it. When any one of the *initiated* leaves that religion, others buy of him all his prayers and privileges. One applied to Soleyman, desiring to buy his prayers and all the profit of them. He, having been a sheikh, had learned a great many, and offered them as a gift. This was refused, because it might not be binding—the prayers might not be efficacious

So Soleyman consented to sell all his prayers, and all the benefit resulting from them, for seven piastres and a half—thirty cents! The purchaser no doubt thought he had made a great bargain.

The last report of him is that this "Soleyman Effendi, the converted Nusairy, after having been successively a Nusairy, Moslem, Jew, Greek, and Protestant, gave himself up to habits of drunkenness, embraced the Greek Church again, in the hope of securing the daughter of the Greek priest in marriage, and wrote a book against Protestantism, in which he 'out-Heroded Herod' in his defence of the most extreme and idolatrous form of picture and saint worship." And after living a vagabond life for about six years, was buried alive by the Nusairîyeh, in retaliation for his exposure of their mysteries.

But to return to the doctrine of transmigration: This sect hold the belief that the soul ought to quit the dying person's body by the

mouth; and when one of them is condemned to death, they will offer considerable sums to have him impaled rather than hung. They also make two holes over the door of their houses, in order that the departed spirit on leaving the body may not have to meet an evil spirit who might by chance be coming in through the single orifice.

They often claim to remember what they did in a previous state of existence. Mr. Lyde knew of one woman who pretended to remember having already been in seven forms. When asked why *all* souls do not remember what happened to them in a former state, the answer is, because some are plunged in Jordan up to their necks.

The forgiveness of sins is managed in this system in a way that certainly has the merit of mystery, if it be a merit. It is as follows: "When a congregation of true believers assembled in the east, west, north, or south of the earth, and made mention of God most high, His Name, His Door, His Orphans, His Princes, His Excellent, His Peculiars, His Pure in

Faith, His Tried Ones, and all the people of His Hierarchies, there was a crier from above who proclaimed, 'Rise with your sins forgiven you, and your ill deeds changed into good ones.'" That is, each believer must make mention of some 124,000 hierarchies, consisting of the most absurd and ridiculous names and objects, in order to secure the forgiveness of sins! Among the objects enumerated in some of the hierarchies are the following: "The east, the west, the stars, the thunders, the doors, the veils, the verse, the firmaments, the clouds, cattle, beasts, camels, bees, birds, cloisters, conventicles, palm-trees, grapes, olives, and figs," besides the thousands of "saints, sacrifices, cherubim, hermits, and listeners!" Besides all these, an Ansaîry is required to honor certain apostles, prophets, and great men.

The Nusairîyeh have secret signs and passwords, and certain cabalistic letters, as A. M. S., or Ali, Mohammed, and Salman, and the double interlacing triangle or seal of Solomon.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LYING.

AS might be conjectured from many foregoing stories, it is a fact that all classes, Moslems, heathen, or nominal Christians, are wonderfully given to lying.

The people say that, in the beginning of the world, Satan came down to the earth with seven bags of lies, which he intended to distribute in the seven kingdoms of the earth. The first night after he reached the earth he slept in Syria, and opened one of the bags, letting the lies loose in the land. But while he was asleep, some one came and opened all the other bags! So that Syria got more than her share!

An old man in Beirût once said, in confidence to a foreigner, " Sir, you must be careful what you believe, and whom you trust, in this country.

If there are twenty-four inches of hypocrisy in the world, twenty-three are in Syria."

A Greek in Tripoli once told Dr. Jessup that there was not a man in the Greek Church in Tripoli who would not lie, excepting *one* of the priests. Another man, hearing him pray for the Greeks in the public prayer in the church, afterward came to him and said, "I would like to inform you that there is *no need of praying for the Greeks*, as they are good enough now." Yet the next day this good man's neighbors had to interfere, as he was scourging his daughter most cruelly in a fit of passion.

When a person is dangerously sick they conceal from him the fact that he is near his end; and when they know he is about to die, they tell him he is better, and will be out to-morrow, and try to divert his thoughts from death, so that he dies without preparation. Moslems, Greeks, Jews, and Maronites, all look on death with terror. With all their priests and fasts and ceremonies, they cannot give peace to the con-

science, and death is dark and terrible to them. And when a man dies, no one likes to speak of it to another, lest he be the bearer of bad news. Parents dread to have their children go away from home, lest they die and no word be brought to them for months afterward. A little girl from Abeih went to the Deaconesses' School in Beirût, and soon after her father died. They did not tell her of it for more than a year, and during all that time kept sending her messages from her father as though he were living. The result of this custom is, that when children in the mission schools wish to know about their parents, they ask the missionaries to find out, as they will not believe their own relatives.

And the Syrians lie by deed as well as word. The missionaries are often greatly puzzled to know how to deal with those who come making openly most earnest professions of faith in the true religion, though, as is generally discovered, it is with a secret desire and plan to gain some selfish or wicked end, to escape from punish-

ment for crime, or to obtain office or power, or to be married to some improper person.

An inquirer once came to the mission, Beirût, who seemed to be very much in earnest, He was anxious to study for the ministry, and had heard of the Malta College, where he wished to go and study. Abeih Seminary would not do, as he wished to learn English. He loved the gospel very much, and could not rest until he had an education which would fit him to preach to his countrymen. His haste to get off to Malta awakened some suspicion, but the missionaries continued to instruct him every time he came to them. A few days after, they learned that he had committed murder in his native village Haba lene, and wanted to get away from the coun try; but the Government arrested him.

A Greek priest in the village of Barbara once took Dr. Jessup aside to a retired place behind his house, saying he had a profound secret to tell him. He wished to become a

Protestant and make the whole village Protestant; but on these conditions: that Dr. Jessup would get him a hat, a coat, and pantaloons, put a flag-staff on his house, and have him appointed American Consul. He told the priest that the matter of the hat, coat, and pantaloons he himself could attend to, at but slight expense; but that a private missionary had no right to make consuls and erect flag-staffs. Then said the Greek, "I cannot become a Protestant."

In Beirût, another man came and said he was a converted Moslem from Jerusalem. He had been in Rome, and was tired of the Papists, and wished to become a Protestant When asked if he had been instructed in the Romish doctrines, he said, "Yes."

"What do you know?"

"I know 'Ave Maria,' and the Lord's Prayer."

"Do you believe that Christ is God, and that there are three persons in the Godhead?"

"Not a bit of it," said he; "that is all nonsense."

When he found that those whom he addressed did believe in the divinity of Christ, he was a little embarrassed, and said he was ready to learn anything we might teach him. It appeared afterward that all he wanted was money, and when the money failed to come, he disappeared.

An old sheikh by the name of Ghaleb once deceived the missionaries for a long time. He came to church, and asked permission to attend family prayers, and sat for hours reading religious books; and then brought a sheep, as he said, to show his love for the gospel! Long after this, he came and asked to be married to a girl he had no right to marry.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SALUTATIONS.

VERY closely connected with insincerity of action is the custom of using the most extravagant salutations, both in personal greetings and in letters.

The old Druze women are masters of a pious religious phraseology: "We are all sinners." "The Lord's will be done." "Praise to His name." "He only can command." "The Lord be merciful to us." "He orders all things." And yet they will lie and deceive, and, if not of the initiated class, they will swear in the most fearful manner. The Akkals cannot swear smoke, or drink, but they tell a story of a village where the people were all Akkals, and things having reached a high pitch of excitement, they sent for a body of Jehals, or the non-initiated, to come over and swear on

the subject, that their pure minds might be relieved!

During the massacres of 1860, a company of missionaries riding from Abeih to Beirût, passed in the midst of burning villages and armed bodies of Druzes, who went by shouting the war-song, *Ma hala ya ma hala kotal en Nosara*, "How sweet, oh, how sweet, to kill the Christians!" and yet, as they passed, they stopped, and most politely paid their salams, saying, *Naharkum Saieed*, "May your day be blessed!" *Allah yahtikum el afiyeh*, "God give you health!" *Salameh*, "With peace," "God smooth your way," "Peace to your lives;" *Naharaka abyad*, "May your day be white," i. e. happy. White is the color of cheerfulness and delight.

Arabs call death in war the "red death." A natural and quiet death, with forgiveness of sins, they call "white death." "Black death" is a violent and dreadful death, as by strangling.

The Arabs are very fond of using the saluta-

tion, "Two healths on your heart." If they find you eating, they say at once, *Sahtain*, "Two healths."

> "Ah, would I were like you, my boy!
> You sleep all night, your eyes repose,
> My watchful eye no respite knows;
> If you sleep well, two healths on your heart!
> If you sleep ill, may I bear your part!"

It seems to be the way of all people to be extravagant in nursery-songs. And the Arabs have not fallen behind in theirs. Here are some that they sing:

> "Your face is as round as the sun,
> Your face is as fair as the moon;
> Your breath is as sweet as honey,
> I'm sure I'll not cloy of it soon."

And another:

> "Eighteen cities, in all their grace,
> Cannot compare with your little round face;
> Damascus gardens and Syria fair
> Are in your eyes and your beautiful hair."

And another, which uses the name of God with true Arab familiarity

"Yullah! let him walk 'deidy,'
Deidy let him walk,
Fresh as a green bean-stalk;
Deidy, may your life be long'
Allah, Allah it prolong;
Deidy walk, Inshullah."

Another very common salutation is *Tukbirni*, "May you bury me!" that is, May you live longer than I do, so as to bury me! This word is used constantly as a term of endearment; and in the same way they use the phrases, *Ya ainee*, *Ya kolbec*, "My eye!" "My heart!"

The use of the telegraph is teaching the Syrians brevity in their addresses.

When they write letters they use long titles, and flowery salutations, so that a whole page will be taken up with these empty formalities, leaving only a few lines at the end, or in a postscript, for the important business. But when they send a telegram and have to pay for every word, they leave out the flowery salutations, and send only what is necessary.

The following is a very common way of beginning an Arabic letter:

"To the presence of the affectionate and the most distinguished, the honorable and most ingenious Khowadja, the honored, may his continuance be prolonged!

"After presenting the precious pearls of affection, the aromatic blossoms of love, and the increase of excessive longing, after the intimate presence of the light of your rising in prosperity, we would say that in a most blessed and propitious hour your precious letter honored us," etc.

Dr. Jessup writes of having received a letter replete with such aromatic and flowery phrases, and gives a copy of it, with an introduction, in which he speaks of a very interesting locality and ruin in Northern Syria. He says:

"A few days since I received a letter from one of the leading Druze begs of Mount Lebanon, whose daughter is being educated

in the Beirût Female Seminary. He is a master of the art of polite conversation and correspondence, and his expressions at times are quite overwhelming. All Oriental salutations and protestations are valuable or valueless according to the character of the person who uses them. The writer, Hassan Beg Hamady, placed his daughter Lotify in the Beirût Seminary, and I have corresponded with him from time to time in Arabic: but had never met him but once, and that was for a few moments during the Annual Examination of the Seminary in April, 1872. About two months later, I was travelling in Northern Syria, with my brother and Prof. Stuart Dodge, of the Beirût College, when we turned aside from our route one morning, to visit the celebrated castle *Kolat el Husn*, which was the finest work built by the Crusaders in Syria. It is now in almost perfect preservation. It is a lofty fortress on the summit of a high precipitous basaltic hill, surmounted by a still

higher fortress, with a deep moat between the two. We had passed through the eastern gate, and up through the dark arched passage for a long distance, when we came out into the area between the outer and inner fortress. Above us were the lofty towers of light-colored limestone, and the graceful battlements and doorways and windows spoke of exquisite taste and consummate architectural skill in the old French and English builders of the eleventh century.

"From the tops can be seen to the southwest the tall, beautiful tower or *Burj*, the 'Castello Bianco' of the Crusaders, which stands on a high hill in the middle of the village of Safita. That is also a most picturesque and prominent object. From it is a magnificent view of Lebanon to the south, and the beautiful Nusairîyeh Mountains to the north.

"In ancient times the people here were wild and rebellious, just as they are to-day, and the French and English, when they came to

capture the Holy Sepulchre from the Moslems, eight hundred years ago, built or remodelled fortresses and castles and towers all over the country, to keep the people from rising behind them and cutting off their supplies. The ruins of these great structures are scattered over the plains and mountains to this day. The ruins of the famous Castle Belfort, one of the largest in the country, stands opposite the village of Deir Mimas, at the southern end of the Lebanon range. It is built on the summit of a cliff that goes down sheer fifteen hundred feet to the river Leontes or Litany.

"It is, as I have said, generally believed that these towers and strongholds were built by the Crusaders, though in some cases the foundations, which are very extensive, are of bevelled stones, which are looked upon as characteristic of Phœnician and Canaanite architecture. At Safita the summit of the central hill is everywhere channelled with the vaults of the old fortress, now laid open by the falling away of the

outer walls, down the steep sides of the mountain. The outworks and bastions are many of them hollowed out by the removal of the rubble, formerly put in to fill behind the facing of squared stones, and are now used for dwellings by the wretched people. The tower itself is built with three stories, and has, within, a very large, fine chapel, which is now used as the principal Greek church.

"But to return to the Castle Kolat el Husn: While we were examining the old Church of the Crusaders, now a stable for cattle and horses, the governor of the Husn district passed us on his way out, surrounded by a throng of horsemen, clerks, and aides-de-camp. On asking the servants his name, we were surprised to learn that it was a Druze from Southern Lebanon, Ali Beg Hamady, and our surprise was the greater, as it was not common for the Turks to invest the Druzes with high office. We saluted the party as they entered the dark arched way to pass out, and then pursued our way up, to

get a view from the lofty tower of Melek Dahir. We passed up the steps to the door, and found it locked, and an attendant from below called out that the hareem were within and the Beg was absent, and it was impossible for us to go in. While we were standing on the stone landing, perplexed as to how we could effect an entrance, a young man, dressed in broadcloth, and with a pleasant face, stepped up to me and said very respectfully, 'Are *you* Khowadja Jessup, of Beirût?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Are *you* the distinguished benefactor who is connected with the Female Seminary there?' 'I have some connection with that institution, sir.' 'Can I believe my eyes? Is this true, or is it only a vision? Oh, blessed day! Who would have thought that I should be honored in this way to-day! What can I do for your happiness? Order me. I am your servant, your slave' Don't you know your humble servant?' I told him I remembered his face, but could not then recall his name, for I had no idea that

any acquaintance of mine would be found in this distant spot. 'I am the father of Lotifeh, your child, whom you have taught and cared for.' I recognized him then, and he began to insist that we spend the night with him. The doors flew open at once. The women of the hareem, hearing who had come, came out in genuine Druze fashion, covering their faces with their veils and exposing only one eye, and asked after Lotifeh, their niece. Hassan Beg then led the way to the summit of the tower, up a long winding flight of carved stone steps; and when we reached the dizzy height and walked around on the flat roof surrounded by its massive battlement, the wind was blowing a hurricane. The Beg sent for an opera-glass, and holding on to us while we looked, pointed out to us the various features in the landscape; although it proved that we knew the important places better than he, owing to the frequent visits of my brother to this region, and his consequent familiarity with the castles and

mountains and villages which surrounded us. While we were looking about the magnificent old fortress, the Beg kept exclaiming, 'What *can* I do for you? You *must* spend the night and take dinner with us.' We assured him that it was impossible, as it was Friday, and we must reach Hums for an important service before Saturday night. He said, 'I will send six horsemen after your baggage animals, and bring them safely here, and we will regale ourselves with the delight of your presence a little longer.' We had to decline the offer; and then he asked us into his room, a little room of the old castle, which had been repaired and a small glass window put in on one side, to make it habitable during the fierce gales which sweep over this exposed mountain height in winter. When we sat down, Ahmed Effendi, the *kadi* or judge of this district, who is a Tripoli Moslem, and an old acquaintance of my brother, came in and sat down. A servant entered, bringing cigarettes on a tray. We all declined,

saying that we never smoked. Then *narghilehs*, or glass water-pipes, were brought. We still declined, insisting that we absolutely do not smoke, and never did smoke, and would beg to be excused. The Beg turned to Ahmed Effendi and said, 'Effendi, did I not tell you that the Khowadjas are the purest men on earth. There are no men like them. It is an honor for such abjects as we are to know them. Excuse me, Effendi; I know you cannot understand me; but you will when I tell you that my Lotifeh, the daughter of my heart, my own child, is actually in the school of this gentleman here. Actually so, Effendi! What will your excellencies, have? Mohammed, bring sherbet and sweetmeats and coffee. Truly this is an unexpected pleasure, an undeserved honor.' While he rushed on at this pace with his exclamations, Ahmed Effendi listened with patient politeness, but he was desperately uneasy, for two reasons. In the first place, his court were waiting for him; and secondly, he

had been guilty of some grievous rascality in Tripoli, which my brother was cognizant of, and his politeness was put to a severe test in listening to Hassan Beg's ejaculations.

"After all the ceremony of coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats had been punctiliously performed, and all the due and necessary salutations exchanged, I offered to take a letter to Lotifeh, if the Beg wished to write. This brought down the house again. Said he, 'Send a *letter!* Never. It would be a sin, a shame, to send my poor abject words in a letter, when one word from your excellency is better than volumes of letters from me. Never. You know better what to say, and how to say it. Only bear my salams to the daughter of my heart.' We now found it necessary to take our leave, and the Beg showed us every attention, and accompanied us to the gate of the Castle, expressing his regrets at the shortness of our stay, which I have no doubt were sincere, as this Castle is in a lonely retired spot, and the villagers who live

within the area of the fortress are of the most degraded and abject class.

"After returning to Beirût, I addressed the girls of the Seminary as usual on Friday forenoon, and in my remarks stated that I had met Hassan Beg in my travels, and he sent his salams to his daughter. At once, and without a word from her teachers, Lotifeh arose in her seat, and said, in a clear voice, *Ketter khirrak*, 'May God increase your good,' the Arabic way of saying 'I thank you,' and bowed most gracefully.

"In July, I wrote him a note, asking him, as one of the leading men among the Druzes, his opinion as to the importance of female education in Syria, and he sent me the following efflorescent epistle:

"Kolat el Husn, July, 1872,
or 8th of Jemedy Akhar, 1289, of the Hegira.

"'To my honored Sir, to whom ever overflow the tides of grace and favor.

"'I would inform you that in the most propitious of seasons and most lovely of the glorious

ages, the full moons of your honored writings sparkled over the flowery glades, and the sweet waters of your courteous language murmured through the recesses of our heart, giving life to the dead by the delicacy of their hidden wisdom, and by all the kind inquiries you have condescended to lay before us, as to what are our views in regard to the propriety and necessity of teaching women and girls that knowledge and those arts which are appropriate to them.

"My honored sir, I would answer, in the way of apology, that I am not of the knights of this arena, and my great incapacity to handle such a subject must be apparent to your excellency, and to all who know me. But your kind interest in me and my child, has led you to impute to me a degree of knowledge in these matters which I do not really possess, and I can only understand it by recalling the lines of the poet:

'The favoring eye of loving friends,
Our fault conceals, our name defends;

and I would implore of Him most exalted never to deprive me of your exalted regard.

"'In obedience, then, to your request, I will venture to express my views, in as far as I know anything about the subject. It is not only proper, but necessary, that girls should be taught those sciences and arts which are appropriate to them. We all know that it is the *law* and *custom* that girls marry men, and have thrown upon them the duty of training children. Now children are brought up in the lap of the mother, and not of the father; and if the mother has been educated, her children grow up acute of perception, intelligent, and pure, and this for the reason that the son associates with his mother far more than with his father for the first ten years of his life. If the mother is enlightened, educated, and intelligent, her son will be the same. But, on the contrary, if the women are uninstructed in science and proper knowledge and useful arts, and know not the value of

learning to woman, their children will be like them. And supposing that woman remains unmarried, still less can she afford to remain in ignorance, for she must depend for support upon her needle or her pen, or some one of the useful trades and arts, and a proper education in these will make her independent for life. I might say more, but this is the extent of my knowledge; and those who are possessed of wisdom and knowledge on these themes can supply my deficiencies, and convince all objectors and opposers.

"'Allow me to inform you, that inasmuch as Lotifeh has now gone home for the vacation, she will need to know when the new term begins, and come down to Beirût in proper company. However that may be, she is your child, and our chief anxiety is to know assuredly that you are in usual health and prosperity. Please make my highest regards to their excellencies the most honored the teachers of the Seminary, and to all your

family. My uncle, Ali Beg, the Kaim Makam, offers to you the due salutations of reverence and honor, and hearty longing to behold the light of your countenance. This is all I need to write, with the hearty offer to do anything you command in this region, for your commands are my highest honor.

"'The petitioner to God for you,

"'HASSAN HAMADY.'"

[Since the chapter on "The Wedding" was put into type, the following account has been received of a visit paid by some American ladies to a Moslem bride. It is inserted, though not in its proper place, on account of its interest.]

"We called yesterday on the daughter of a Mohammedan living in this city (Tripoli).

"Though the girl had been married several days, she had never been seen by her husband. He only had gone to the mosque when the ceremony was performed; she taking no part in it. After the ceremony, the bride

usually stays at her father's house nine days, during which time she sits in state, decked in her finest dress and jewels, receiving calls from her friends. Then her joy is at an end. She must go to her husband, take off her fine clothes, and become a perfect slave, subject to the will of a cruel master. The parents of this bride were very poor. Her mother was dressed in little better than rags, and was at the *tan-gua* washing clothes. All the women of the bride's company had their hair plaited full of gold coins: these were heirlooms, and so greatly treasured that a woman would almost starve sooner than part with one. The present given by the family to the bride was an elegant pale-blue brocade silk dress and a black silk embroidered with gold. The former cost a hundred and fifty dollars. The bridegroom's presents were a sumptuous lilac silk, heavily embroidered with gold; earrings of pearls and gold, bracelets as wide as a finger. During the call she wore the bridegroom's presents.

The other dresses were hung spread out on the wall.

"We stopped at a house below, according to custom, and sent word we were coming. The bride returned answer she would be most happy to salute us. After waiting about twenty minutes we went up stairs, for she lived on the second floor. She had not quite finished her toilet, and sat on the floor before a large mirror, surrounded by her finery. As we entered she rose and saluted us, and then returned composedly to her dressing. Of all the strange and ghastly sights her face was the most wonderful, as may well be imagined from the way in which it was prepared.

"First, hot wax was spread over the whole face, which, when cool, was peeled off. This was done to remove all the hair from the face. Then whiting was rubbed on till the skin looked like marble. Her eyebrows were painted jet black her lips and a large spot on each cheek painted brilliant red. On these red spots, on her fore-

head, and at the corners of her mouth, gilt flowers were pasted. Then over the whole face powdered sugar had been snapped, which made it sparkle as with 'diamond dust.' She wore pearl earrings, and around her neck were a string of large amber beads, three strings of roped pearls, and a curious necklace, which we were privately told was borrowed for the occasion. It was made of gold five-pound pieces, overlapping each other like scales. The usual headdress was covered with real and artificial flowers. The finishing touch was put on in the shape of a piece of black wax heated over the *canoon* till very hot, made round and flat, and then stuck between the eyes."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CHRISTIANS.

THE power with which Christianity has taken hold of many hearts in Syria is a source of delight and wonder. And they who have witnessed its effects are often greatly moved on seeing how Christians have triumphed through faith over even the fiercest persecutions.

Some years ago, when a man living in Beirût became a Christian, the Moslems offered him money to go back to them, and he would not. Then they tried to poison him. Men waylaid him in the street and knocked him down. He was imprisoned, put in chains, dragged before the Waly in Damascus, and threatened with death; but he stood firm, and he was baptized, with his five little children.

In the village of Halba lived Ishoc Abû Hanna, called El Kefroony, a faithful Christian. His godliness roused the anger of his old neighbors. They persecuted him in every way, but he conquered them by kindness. A man named Yusef tried to kill him, and threatened to kill the missionary if he came to the village again. He attacked the teacher of the place, and made a riot against the Protestants. But since that time a wonderful change has been worked by the power of the Christian life of this man Ishoc. Now there is a good school in the village on the hill, and about thirty little boys and girls are learning to read and write and sing. One of Ishoc's sons is a senior in the Beirût College, another is teaching the boys' school in Hums, and the third is expecting to go to school, while the fourth will be a farmer with his father. Old Yusef, who hated Ishoc so much, is now his friend. Yusef had a law-suit about some land; others wanted it, but he had a

right to it. The other side bribed false witnesses, and Yusef knew of no man but Ishoc who understood the case and could testify in the court in his favor. So he had him summoned to the court, though he had strong fears that Ishoc would remember his injuries and testify against him. But Ishoc heaped "coals of fire upon his head." He told the simple truth, and proved that the land belonged to Yusef. The Moslem court were astonished. They gave the land to Yusef, but they had never before seen a man testify in favor of his enemy. When they went out, Yusef came to Ishoc and said, "Forgive me, sir; I have wronged you. From this time I am your friend." And he seems in earnest When the school-house needed repairs he sent his own men and helped to repair it. Ishoc's pure life, his patience and gentleness have preached to these wild people in Akkar more than all the sermons of the missionaries.

The village of Bano, three miles from Halba,

is the largest Greek village in the popu' us district of Akkar, and is the nominal seat of the Greek bishop, who, in fact, visits the place once a year to collect money, and then returns to Beirût to take his ease. In that village dwelt a friend of Ishoc's named Weheby, who belonged to the largest and wealthiest family (Beit Ahtiyeh), the sheikh of the village being his own cousin. He too has been through the same fires of persecution for fourteen years. At one time his family rose against him: the mob, at the instigation of the Greek priests, plundered his house, bound him, and led him out to kill him. The crowd were shouting and cursing and calling him dog and swine, and Jew and infidel, and some said, "Shoot him!" others said, "Hang him!" but the most cried, "Crucify him!" So they brought ropes, and tied him to a tree, and sent for nails to drive through his hands.

He submitted without a struggle, exclaiming, "Thus did they to Stephen, and thus to

my Saviour; and I am not afraid to die for Him." They would doubtless have carried out their murderous design, had not the Lord, in his providence, just at that moment caused his friend and brother Ishoc to approach, and, by the most strenuous exertions, so intimidate some of the leading men of the town as to procure his release.

Since Weheby became a Protestant he has often been in straits in regard to his daily bread. He was the town butcher, and supplied the surrounding villages with meat, keeping his own accounts and collecting at the end of the year. He had some four hundred dollars due him, but because he was a Protestant, no one would pay him. At the time when he so narrowly escaped death, the mob entered his house and carried off most of his domestic effects. In addition to this, his creditors showed him no mercy and crowded him to pay, while many presented fraudulent claims against him, hoping to drive him to desperation, and bring him back to the Greek Church.

When one of the missionaries asked him privately about his circumstances, and inquired if he were in want, he replied, with a look of cheerful gratitude, "No, thank the Lord; I have all I need, and the Saviour is very precious to my heart." And when it was proposed that he should open a school in the village, under the auspices of the mission, and in this way earn something for his family while the storm of persecution continued, he replied that the old Greek teacher, Moallim Hanna, had a school, and depended upon it for his daily bread; and should he open one, the old man would be in danger of starving. This disinterestedness was the more striking from the fact that Moallim Hanna was one of his leading persecutors.

A most interesting incident happened in Tripoli in the spring of 1858. Elias, the teacher whom the missionaries employed in their study of Arabic, was a very able and promising young man. He came in one Sunday evening with great eagerness to tell of

what he had seen since the afternoon service.

It seems that a Frenchman had recently come to Tripoli to teach the people how to gamble. He had swindled many of the young men out of nearly all their property, and continued to gamble every day of the week in the large room used as a drinking-saloon, or *khumara*, the very room the missionaries were trying to get for a church. As Elias was passing the place he was attracted by the loud talking within, and entered, to find there Saleh, a Moslem, who was present at the afternoon service. He had been visiting and talking with the Protestants with evident interest. Elias found him in the gambling-place preaching to the people in his own way, and shouting, at the top of his voice, *Maza ynifa il insan lou rubah il alam kula hoo ma khosr nefsahoo?* "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The crowd tried to stop him, but he said "You might rightly stop

me if I were using my own words; but these are the words of our Prophet Jesus, and your God" (addressing the Greeks present). The conversation then turned upon the sermon of the afternoon at the house of the Americans, and Elias began to rebuke the gamblers. Saleh, the Moslem, rebuked the Moslems; and Elias, the Protestant, rebuked them all. Elias turned to the chief gambler, who seemed to be a kind of interpreter for the Frenchman, and insisted that he give up the abominable business. The man replied that he could defend his business, and at once handed Elias a small stool, telling him to sit down in front of him and discuss the matter before the crowd. Elias accepted the challenge, and the man began by asserting that gambling was right and lawful everywhere. Elias rejoined, "It is not right in itself, and it is forbidden by all men of all religions, except the savage heathen. Are you a Moslem, I will bring you a declaration from the great Sheikh Reschid that it is wrong to gamble. Are you

a Jew, I will bring you a writing from your rabbi. Are you a Greek or a Maronite, I will bring a writing from your bishops. Are you a Protestant, you can ask the Americans, who will prove to you that gambling is stealing, and hence a great sin." The man drew back his stool and said not a word. The Moslems who had been gambling began to disperse as quietly as possible; while Saleh, the Moslem, walked through the crowd calling aloud, so that every one must hear, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The crowd kept increasing till the room was full, when Saleh took another text and turned it upon the Greeks, who are Christians in name. "'By their fruits ye shall know them.' These are the fruits, what are the men?" The crowd began to be noisy, but Saleh and Elias called out, so that every one could hear, "'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'" At length the clamor became

very great. The liquor-seller cried out, "Is it so that no drunkard can go to heaven?" 'Those are the words of God," said Saleh, "not my words." The liquor-seller then raised his stick to strike, when Elias said, "You had better remember who said those words, and if you wish to strike, go to him who said, not to him who merely recites them."

The gamblers then cried out against Elias and Saleh. The owner of the shop said, "What shall I do?" And the gamblers told the Moslems and the Protestant to leave. Saleh stepped upon a stool and cried, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for the sake of the truth!" Elias asked if the place were not free. "Yes," said one, "for gambling." "Then it shall be free for preaching too," said he, and went on to harangue the crowd on the observance of the Sabbath. Thus unintentionally a Moslem and a Protestant were thrown together to demand and exemplify freedom of speech in the very room the missionaries were seeking to get for a church.

Saleh had just previously been rebuked before the Moslem city council for too frequent discussions on the subject of religion; but the rebuke made him all the more earnest to attend the Christian service; and though he remained a decided Moslem, he came to the preaching service every Sunday, bringing his Testament in his bosom.

Nor is the spirit of devotion seen only in the cities. A man of wealth living in the Lebanon district, and who learned to read a few years since, was filled with a missionary spirit. He had no connection with the mission from the first; he did not ask for, nor desire employment; but he spent a good part of his time in going from place to place, reading the Scriptures, exhorting the people, and praying in their houses. He talked of nothing but religion, and seldom if ever attacked the old churches till he had preached Christ. Other men came to see the missionaries, and, perhaps without exception, would ask, before they left,

about the political prospects of Syria; the Italian question; about America; English policy, etc.; but this man would sit hours at a time and mention none of these things His time was spent in giving his religious experience among those he visited. He would take a few loaves of bread and a few tracts, and travel five or six days before returning home. He manifested much wisdom in his manner of approaching the people. Here is a specimen in almost his exact language:

"I heard," said he, "that in a certain village there was a man somewhat enlightened. I knew him before. He was recently married to a girl who knows the truth. Now I thought that God had a work for me to do in that house, but how to find a way to cpen the subject of the gospel I did not see. Yet I knew that if God had anything for me to do there, he would show me the way to do it after I should arrive at the village. I went, and —glory to God—I found that a large com-

pany would be collected in that man's house, to congratulate him on his marriage, that very evening. Now again I was perplexed, for how should I open the subject of religion. There was a school-teacher in the place, a Protestant, teaching the Druzes. I went to him, and said that I had come to preach Christ, and he must go to the house and help me commence. I told him that after they had all come, and had spent an hour in conversation, he must take down a book and commence reading to himself; for no doubt some one of the company would ask him what book he had, and then I would tell them about The Book which God had given to them as Christians. We went, and the right hand of God was stretched out to help, for I read five or six chapters from the Gospels. Then I read a little here, and a little there—passages which I had selected for the occasion—and then asked if I should pray. They all said yes, and I felt in my heart that God was with us.

The next day I read to the women by the roadside; and yesterday I saw the teacher, and he told me that there were four or five men who wished the missionary would come over from the Suk and preach to them."

This man, in his journeys through the vil lages on the mountain, would tie his bread and olives up in the same bundle with his Testament and tracts, and when he came to a place where a company of men were sitting, would open his bundle and commence to eat. The men, seeing the books, would ask about them, and thus he found an open door. He heard one day that the abbot of a certain convent "preached sermons just like the American missionaries." He took his bread and tracts and went in search of the abbot. It was all true, for this abbot was once a Syrian bishop, and was supposed to be a true Protestant a few years since, and took copious notes from Dr. Van Dyck's sermons. This same abbot came to see the missionaries, and

appeared to have more light and knowledge than any priest with whom they had met in Syria. He told some of the Protestants that they should hear more of him, and that he would soon have all his village in the Protestant ranks.

In the spring of 1866, Dr. Jessup wrote to the *Missionary Herald* the following account of an interesting case of conversion:

"A Greek Catholic monk, for many years a leader in his sect, has just become a Protestant. He has been abbot of various monasteries, in Sidon, Lebanon, and Damascus; and after studying the Bible and other books for several years, has now abandoned his old faith and his priestly robes, and embraced the gospel. For a year past we have known him, and have urged him to come out boldly and confess Christ; but his fears, or pride, kept him back.

"About three weeks since he called upon me to bid me farewell, as he was about to leave for Adana, thinking that it would be easier to

cast off his bell-crowned *kollusy*, or cap, and his black monkish robes, among strangers, than here, where he is so well known. I urged him to take the step *hère*, and fight out the battle of freedom of conscience on the spot, rather than take any refuge among strangers. By coming out boldly here, he could testify to the gospel before multitudes, and might lead some to the truth. He listened to what I had to say, but bade me farewell, saying he would write a farewell letter to the fifty monks of the monastery of El Mekhullis, near Sidon, and then leave for Adana.

"I saw no more of him until Sunday, April 22, when I found him at my house, on returning from the morning service. He rose to salute me, and said, 'I have left them at last. The Lord has obliged me to come out from among them. I wrote my letter to the monks, warning them against trusting longer to a sinking ship, and telling them that I had taken refuge in Jesus Christ, the only Saviour. That

letter was sent to the Greek Catholic Patriarch, who has despotic control over all the monks of his sect. As I was walking in the street, still wearing this black uniform of the Evil One, a Turkish policeman arrested me and threw me into the common prison, by order of the Patriarch, who was greatly enraged, and intended to remand me to the monastery for life. I sent word to the leading men of the sect. They were mortified and indignant at such a step, and told the Patriarch he had disgraced the entire sect by throwing me into prison. He then removed me to the patriarchate, and kept me under guard, intending to send me back to the monastery by night. I have now escaped from his hands, never to return.' He then took off his black cap and outer robe and threw them under the book-case, saying, 'Go in peace: for thirty years I have worn you and now I cast off the old man and his works. Farewell!'

"The indignation of the Patriarch knew no bounds, but all his wrath was in vain. The

monk Nusrullah ez Zinaniry had become Mr. Naametullah ez Zinaniry (his original name, before becoming a monk), and was a Protestant under a Protestant roof. On Monday the Patriarch assembled a *mejlis* of all the leading priests, bishops, and wealthy merchants. Some advised violence, but others, like Gamaliel, advised him to let the man alone, as he was a Protestant, and any attempt at violence would only make them all ridiculous. This counsel prevailed, though the Patriarch, who was to leave that evening for Egypt, threatened to persecute the man as long as he lived.

"Naametullah prepared at once a petition to the governoı of the city, Kamil Pasha, and a similar one to Mr. G. J. Eldridge, English Consul General, stating that he *was* a monk, but had become a Protestant; and asking liberty to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and to be protected against imprisonment or arrest by the Patriarch.

"Mr. Eldridge took up the case most cheer-

fully and energetically, and took the petition to the Pasha in person. The Pasha at once declared his determination to protect the man in the exercise of his freedom to think for himself; and to the great gratification of the friends of the truth, as well as the astonishment of the priestly party, he sent, through the English Consul, an invitation to the ex-monk *to visit him at his own house.* He went on Monday morning, April 30, and was received with great kindness. The Pasha assured him that in matters of conscience he was free. Said he, '*Freedom of conscience is the gift of Goa to man*, and the Sultan is God's minister to insure it to the people.' Such a sentiment from a Mohammedan Pasha is worthy of being put on record. After many expressions of regret at what had happened, he told Naametullah that had he stated to Ahmed Agha, the chief of police, that he was a Protestant, when he was arrested by order of the Patriarch, he would have been released at once.

"I returned home on Monday from Ain Zehalteh, and found him smiling and happy Said he, 'I now see why I was prevented from going away. It was better that I should come out in Beirût, and the Lord suffered me to be thrown into prison to force me to this step.' His priestly robes are exchanged for the dress of a Syrian merchant, and his *kollusy*, or monk's cap, has been sent to Boston as a present from him to the American Board's Museum."

Not a few of the girls and women who have been rescued by Christian teaching from long-continued and dreadful degradation have shown the heroism and simple-hearted devotion that in every age of the Church has come from faith in Christ.

The teacher who came to the village of Safita in 1867 to take charge of the girls' school was Shemma, a young woman who studied in Sidon. Her home was far away in the mountains above Tyre. Often she was left alone in

the wretched town whither she had come on her Christian errand. And when the native helper was absent she had to teach the school, and to hold the Bible class on Sunday, and was compelled to witness the persecutions of the people she was trying to lead to the truth. But though this great burden was on her, she never complained. When commiserated for her hard lot, her lonely life, her labors and trials, her answer was, "Yes, it was lonely at times, *Wa lakin haza it tab hilû*,—But this toil is sweet, for it is for Christ."

Another heroine was little Hanny Mejdelany. Her father is deacon in the church in Hasbeiya, and she had been taught about Jesus from her infancy. When she was three years old, there was a dreadful massacre in Hasbeiya. It was in that year of blood, 1860. The town had a garrison of Turkish troops, and when the war broke out between the Druzes and the Christians, the Turkish colonel told the Christians, Greeks, Maronites, and Protestants to come into the

Seraia, or palace, and he would protect them. He did not intend to protect them. He took away all their arms, and shut the gate. A wicked Druze woman, named Sit Nafeah, was living in a palace near by, and came down to the governor's palace to see that all was right, and told Osman Beg, the colonel, not to let one male, from seven years old to seventy, escape alive. But in order to gain the favor of the English Government, she sent word to all of the Protestants that if they wished to come to her palace, she would feed and protect them. A few went there and were saved. All the rest were massacred and hewn to pieces. Among those in the palace was Abû Monsûr Barakat, one of the deacons of the Protestant church. He refused to go to Sit Nafeah's house, as the Turkish governor had pledged his honor to protect him When he saw the Druzes coming in with their swords, axes, and yataghans, he called to the great crowd of prisoners around him and said, "Put your trust in Christ alone! He

alone can save you!" and then he lifted his hands to pray; and while he was praying, his wife and daughters clinging to him and begging the Druzes to spare so good a man, a battle-axe came down upon his head, and he fell dead into their arms. When the Druzes heard him and others calling upon Jesus, they answered, "Eh, call upon your Jesus, and see whether he can help you now! Don't you know God is a Druze?" Nearly a thousand men and boys were slaughtered. Among the few who were saved by the Sit Nafeah, was Kosta el Mejdelany, the good deacon, and his family, who, after great suffering, reached Beir t in safety. Little Hanny was then three years old. One year after this, she was attacked with a most painful disease in the bone of her leg. The bone began to decay, and the physician was obliged to probe the wound with a steel instrument, which gave her great pain. For two long years she was wasting away under this painful disease. Her agony at times was distressing tc

behold, yet she never murmured. She said one day to her father, "I am ready to die and go to Jesus, but He will take me when He thinks best; and I know He will help me bear the pain to the end. He knows best." She loved to sing "Happy Land," "I want to be like Jesus," "My days are gliding swiftly by," and other sweet hymns that had been translated into Arabic. She often asked her father to read the Bible to her, and prayed every night before going to sleep. When the doctor came to dress her wound, and the probe was thrust deep around and into the bone, she would call for her little hymn-book and sing, so as to forget her pain. She asked her father to tell her how Jesus suffered for her, so that she might be patient.

In July, 1863, her father was sent as a missionary of the Beirût Native Missionary Society, to his old home in Hasbeiya. While he was away, she began to fail in strength, and felt that death was near. She knew that Jesus was able to do all things, so she said she wished

for two things only, before going to heaven. One was that her father might come and pray with her once more; and the other, that she might be healed for a few minutes, to go out and run about with the other little girls, which she had not done for two years. "And then," said she, "I would come right back and die, and go home to Jesus." But this was not granted. Her sick-room was a constant scene of instruction to all who visited her. She taught many older people the sweetest lessons of meekness, patience, and trust in Christ It was truly a child-like trust. She found real comfort in "looking unto Jesus." One day the family were all around her expecting her father. She was sinking rapidly, when she called for her little hymn-book, and opening to "Joyfully, joyfully," began to sing in a clear voice in Arabic, holding the book in her emaciated hands:

"Farehan, farehan, umde ilel,
Mesken el mosteniri bil hamal" . . .

The book dropped—her voice ceased—and her spirit had fled "to the land of bright spirits above."

Another convert, Im Yusef Sabunjy, also showed the same Christian fortitude and faith in the midst of the severest sufferings. She had been left a widow in her youth, and was married again to a man named Tannûs Sabunjy, through whose influence the entire family became Protestant. In the latter years of her life she was an earnest and efficient laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. As a Bible woman, she went from house to house, reading, conversing, and praying with the women with regard to their souls' salvation. Owing to the many infirmities of her husband, the family, which was large, was oftentimes in great distress, and she passed through many hours of darkness and trial, suffering privations of which few were aware.

In 1871 she was attacked with a cancerous affection, which terminated her life in October.

1872. For weeks she suffered agonies. Her physicians were filled with amazement at her ability to endure such acute pain for so long a time. Her whole body was in the furnace of torture every moment, almost without intermission, for weeks. Yet her composure of mind was as marked as her distress of body. She loved to hear the Scriptures read, and joined in the prayers offered on her behalf with great earnestness.

Dr. Jessup writes concerning her: "One Saturday evening I called and read and prayed with her, and asked her if she had any request to make of the church on the Sabbath following. She replied, 'Request my brethren and sisters to ask the Lord to call me home as soon as it is consistent with His blessed will. Ask them all to forgive me if any one has aught against me, for I am a very great sinner.' The next day she prayed aloud for some time. She addressed the Saviour with the most child-like directness and simplicity,

commending herself to His care, confessing her sins, and pleading the merits of His atoning blood. Then she asked her daughter, Sada Barakat, who was a pupil in Dr. De Forest's school, and who had been called to her side, to join with her in singing

> 'My faith looks up to Thee,
> Thou Lamb of Calvary,
> Saviour divine!"

in the sweet Arabic version which has become so precious to many of Christ's children in Syria. Then she sang alone, *Fil mowatin il bahîyet*, or 'Rest for the Weary,' after which she seemed to rejoice in God her Saviour. The grace of Christ seemed wonderfully present to sustain her amid those terrific paroxysms of agony; and when all present were melted to tears at the sight of her sufferings, she was calm and peaceful.

"Said she one day, 'I want no priest near me, no human intercessor, no invention of man. Let me hear the Word of God, and

join in the voice of prayer.' She was one of the Lord's own children. She first learned the gospel in the days of Messrs. Bird, Thomson, Eli Smith, and Whiting, and now has gone to join the two latter in the mansions where there is 'rest for the weary' for ever and ever. May all of her children who survive her follow in her footsteps, to the honor of Jesus whom she loved, and to the salvation of many souls in Syria."

The Protestants have had to withstand not only the force used by the different sects in Syria to resist true religion, but have been compelled to meet and overcome the craftiness in which the leaders and especially the priests are masters. In 1862 the Sheikh of Deir Mimas, who was the leader of the Protestant movement there while it was merely political in its character, went back to the Greek Church, finding the way of truth too strait for him. He tried hard to take back with him some of his companions, but signally failed, and his departure proved rather a benefit

to the Protestant community, as some had been prevented from joining it by his influence.

Merj Aiyun also was made, within the same year, the scene of a most painful and disgust ing attempt at proselyting, on the part of the Papists. The people being hard pushed by the Government, Papal agents came forward and offered to pay the taxes of such as would acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. Nearly all the Greeks of the Merj, and two or three weak Protestants, shamelessly sold themselves. So unblushingly open was the transaction, that even the Maronites were ashamed of their new co-religionists, and the Moslems did not fail to pour their scorn upon a Christianity thus exhibited. To complete the farce, the Papists finally fell back from their engagement, leaving the people to pay their own taxes. The miserable dupes were thus left in a ludicrous state of *betweenity*, ashamed either to call themselves Romanists or to return to the Greek Church.

Troubles from intrigue and violence fall mainly on the native Christians, as foreigners are shielded by the fear the people have of interference and punishment from other lands. But even the missionaries themselves have more than once felt the force of bigoted persecutors. In 1865, Rev. Samuel Jessup and Dr. George Post went to spend the summer at Duma. Mr. Jessup wrote the following account of an attempt to drive them from the place:

" Here in Duma we had expected to spend a quiet summer, hoping to do some good, as well as make further advances in the acquirement of the language. Every Sabbath we had large audiences to preach to, but the want of fruit from the labors of faithful men in previous years led us to expect little from preaching to the men. We were, however, getting some hold on the children, by teaching them the beautiful hymns translated from our own language.

" Last week the previous deadness was

changed into very uncomfortable motion Two or three self-conceited, fanatical Greeks, of some wealth, are here to spend the summer. One is notorious as a disputer. He came to argue with us, spending nearly all the day, and behaving very badly. On Sunday, July 30th, while Dr. Post was preaching at my house, where we hold our services on account of its being in the centre of the town, this man came and tried to interrupt the service, and became so insolent that he was requested to leave; and when his friends who were present tried to get him out, he became terribly enraged, and made a great disturbance. A Greek priest assisted in getting him out. (I was on my bed at the time, not being very well.)

"He was so angry that he attempted to get the Greeks of the town to assault us. Not succeeding in this, he and his two brothers went to the Maronite quarter, making a great uproar, where many of the Ma-

ronites were drunk. There he incited a mob against us, and at sunset, as we were about to take tea, Dr. Post happening to be present again, we saw the rabble coming, headed by a man armed with a gun and pistols, and inflamed with alcoholic drink. We could not comprehend the object of the mob, and thought it directed against a young man who lived next to my house.

"Not being well, I did not go out; but Dr. Post thought to quiet the rabble by speaking to them, and so went out, when suddenly he was seized by the mob, and a gun was pointed at him by a person who said, 'You are the man that curses the religion of the Pope,' and who then tried to shoot him. The gun being turned away suddenly, by the hand of our Arabic teacher, the fellow tried to shoot the Doctor with his pistol, which providentially did not go off. The brother of the disputer aimed a blow with a heavy cane at the Doctor's head, but the cane was broken

on his shoulder. The crowd then forced Dr. Post into the house, the same party bringing him in that prevented me from going out. They were acting as our friends. All this passed in half the time I require to tell it.

"The shouting and howling of the mob continued for a long time, and attempts were made to get in at the windows and doors, but we barricaded the unprotected side of the house. One side was protected by a large party of Greeks belonging to our quarter, who repelled the aggressors. Our party—I call them so, because I believe we owe the preservation of our lives to the divisions that sprung up so suddenly among the people—was much the stronger, and drove the Maronites off, a Greek priest being the worst sufferer, having received a blow which gave him a black eye. The mob said that though they were driven off that night, they would return in greater force in the morning, and burn our house, and drive us out of the town.

"Monday found the town swarming with Maronites and bigoted priests from surrounding towns; but want of unity in their counsels prevented action long enough to let them get cool, when fear took possession of their minds. However, we were constantly receiving threats of violence, and it was not a pleasant time for ladies. After the heat of the excitement, when people began to count the cost, they were more cautious.

"On Tuesday, at daylight, two cavasses, from our American Vice-Consulate in Tripoli, arrived, and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. The flag made a great impression on the people. A different course was now taken. The priests and chiefs of the people gathered, and agreed that any one who should sell us anything, do us any service, or bring us water, should be beaten severely in public. This left us alone, to say the least. We were able to go and bring water for ourselves, and having a good supply of provisions on hand, we

were rather pleased than otherwise, for it gave us temporary rest from the threats and insults of the people. Yet, before night, some leading men from a large Maronite village, who had come over at first to help turn us out, seeing the flag and cavasses, changed their tactics, and called on us, very politely offering to send us any provisions we should need from the village. One young man ordered his servants to go and bring us some jars of water, a favor which I declined receiving.

"We have had no trouble since that time in getting everything we want. Formerly we had to go or send for nearly everything; now people bring things to us. At first they came in the night, but now the orders are openly disregarded, when a few cents are to be made. The marked difference is that the people do not visit us, and will not come to our services. Our stay in Duma will not be pleasant for the remainder of the summer, and as this part of the mountain refuses to acknowl-

edge Daoud Pasha's government, it may be necessary for us to leave when he sends here to arrest the offenders.

"We trust the Lord will use this disturbance as a means of opening this part of our field for the entering of the gospel. We do not know what the result will be, and may have to wait a long time before the offenders are brought to justice. They are going about the village with entire impunity, and will do so until Daoud Pasha arrests them."

In the year 1866 the Greek Bishop of Akkar tried to break up the mission schools at Safita and at Bano, and drive out the teachers, and was exceedingly enraged at his want of success. Just before the bishop left Bano, he gathered the people, and told them that they had neglected an important duty in not immediately killing the first Protestants in their district; and now the increased number had only increased their responsibility. He told them to go to work and clean out the

accursed name, and God would bless them. They asked him to give them a written order for the killing of the Protestants, which he declined to furnish, saying that they should do it *en masse*, and then it would be a small matter for each one to pay his part of the price of blood. The people, not feeling so blood-thirsty as their spiritual guide, declined to undertake the business.

In Hamath (which has a population of eighteen thousand taxable persons, of whom about fifteen hundred are nominal Christians, chiefly Greeks), a mission colporteur was obliged to leave, fearing a mob; the Greek bishop having become much enraged, and threatening excommunication against any who should harbor him or rent him a room.

In the village of Abeih, on Mount Lebanon, in May, 1860, one Sunday morning, the Arabic congregation had assembled for worship. Dr. Jessup was reading the Arabic hymn, *Araka bil eman*, "My faith looks up to Thee," when

the report of a gun was heard, then a shriek, and a man ran by the door screaming, "The Druzes have killed Abû Shehadan! Run for your lives!" The congregation disappeared as if by magic. The missionaries went up stairs to Mr. Calhoun's house, to find it crowded from one end to the other with Greek and Maronite refugees, men, women, and children, with bags boxes, and bundles, their faces blanched with terror. Bags of money and jewelry were brought to Mrs. Calhoun's bed-room, with the entreaty that she would allow them to deposit them there at their own risk. Great quantities of valuables were thus left in Mrs. Calhoun's closets without a receipt or a label, and remained there for months, as the missionary's house was the only place of security from the apprehended pillage of the Druzes. The silent, steady influence of this missionary family upon the Greek and Maronite population of the village was thus manifested in the most striking manner. Men most hostile to the

gospel, and bitter against the Protestant missionaries, when fleeing down the mountain to Muallakah on the sea-shore to escape the Druzes, charged their wives to flee to the missionaries' house and deposit their jewelry with Mrs. Calhoun. And in the month of August, when the French army of occupation landed in Beirût and rumors of condign vengeance on the Druzes went through Lebanon, the Druzes in turn fell into a panic. Multitudes who had participated in the bloody massacres fled precipitately to Houran. Others remained in their villages, but in a state of alarm, lest the Greeks and Maronites returning to the mountains in the rear of the French column advancing to Deir el Komr, should give themselves up to retaliatory plunder of the Druzes. Accordingly the Greek and Maronite women came and took away their valuables from Mrs. Calhoun's safe-keeping, where they had remained through those three dark months of blood and pillage (for not a house was burned nor a robbery committed in

Abeih, through the influence of Kasim Beg, the Druze governor), and the Druze women in turn came pouring in with their gold and jewels, to save them from the Maronites. The missionary's house was thus a refuge and safe deposit for both parties during the months of danger and destruction. The Divine Providence seems to have watched over the missionary in his mountain home with his wife and little ones. Day by day the Druze begs and sheikhs came or sent to assure Mr. Calhoun of his entire safety, and to beg him not to leave Abeih. They aided him in getting supplies from Beirût, and, whatever their design, whether the selfish purpose of shielding their party from future punishment, or real friendship for a man whom the Druzes of Lebanon look upon with reverence, they were directed, in the providence of God, to be the friends and protectors of the Lord's missionary servant. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

To these narratives of Christian experience may be added another, the full story of Miriam Kundaluft, the first Protestant of Hums, to whom reference has already been made. The account was written by her husband, Muallim Elias Saadeh, as she herself dictated. It gives not merely her own trials and success, but illustrates some features of Syrian society, and gives some glimpses of the character of the Greek clergy.

"As I have been requested to give a brief account of the reasons why I left the Greek Church and became a Protestant, together with the persecutions the Lord called upon me to endure, I would say that I was born in the city of Hums, in the year 1841. My father was a weaver, and his name was Daud Kundaluft. When I was about fourteen years of age, and still living in my father's house, a Greek priest, named Khuri Giurgius Ferra, used to visit constantly at our home, according to the practice of the Greek Church that every family should

have its especial priest as father confessor. This priest was about sixty years of age, and a married man. Sometimes when he came, he would take me aside, and patting my face with his hand, would say, 'Miriam, when shall I see you a bride, and these tresses braided and adorned as the brides wear them?' I was so indignant and embarrassed by his unseemly familiarity, that I at once left him and ran away, leaving him by himself. A few months later, I was one day confessing to him, as is the custom, when he seized my hand and drew me toward him, using language which I blush to recall. I trembled with fear and mortification at his wickedness, and springing up, gave him a push backward with all my might, and he fell on his back against the window. I then ran from the house in terror, and soon after he went away. His breath was strong of arrak, and had he not been intoxicated, I could hardly have escaped from his hands. *I said nothing of what had happened, not even to my mother:*

but the next day I was in great perplexity and distress, determined never to meet that infamous priest again. Being alone with my mother I asked her, saying, 'Mother, do you know of any sect of Christians without the confessional?' She replied, 'Yes, my child; I heard from your grandmother of such a sect, and she learned it from her father many years ago, as he was a man who knew about the different religions. I remember that one day some one mentioned the English, and your grandmother began to curse their religion. Her father then said to her, do not curse the Angleez, for they are a pious people in all their dealings, excepting that they have one bad habit, and that is, that they have no confession to the priests, but each one confesses by himself on the roof of his house.' (This idea that Protestants confess on the housetop probably arose from the fondness of Europeans in this country for walking on the housetop at morning and evening, as the most convenient refuge from the noise and filth

of the streets, and the best place to get the fresh air.) 'These Angleez, my child, are the people who have no confessional.'

"After this I began to think of the subject more and more, and at length became convinced of the necessity of confessing my sins to God alone, and commenced to do so on the highest part of our roof. I used to go up and pray, saying, 'O Lord, I am a sinner in thought, word, and deed, and Thou knowest all things. Forgive me, and blot out my sins!' Then I would come down. This continued about a year and a half, and during that time, whenever the priest I have spoken of came to the house to 'confess' my father and mother I would excuse myself in various ways from confessing to him at the time, until at length I was driven to great straits, and my excuses were not regarded as sufficient, and my mother decided that the next time I must confess to the priest, whatever the circumstances. He came, and I went in with great trepidation,

mortified and embarrassed at being obliged to meet such a man again. When I went in I took my seat near a window which had no iron bars, and about a yard distant from the priest. He then said to me, 'Come this way, Miriam, nearer to me, lest some one should see us.' And so saying, he seized my hand and drew me violently toward him. I struggled with all my might and shook off his hold, and sprang through the window into the court, trembling from head to foot. When the neighboring women who were with my mother saw me trembling, they said, 'See how she trembles from awe of the angel of the confessional, for it is a long time since she has confessed!' I said nothing of what had happened, but went around to each one, as is the custom after confessing, and asked the forgiveness of all, and then went to the church with my mother and partook of the bread and wine.

"A few months after this, it became publicly known that this priest had made improper

advances to a certain woman, and then my friends began to imagine why I had so long refused to meet him, and they begged me to tell them the reason. I declined saying anything about it, and soon after we selected another priest, said to be a much better man than the former one. He soon came to the house to hear us confess, and the neighbors told him of my long neglect of the confessional, and begged him to find out the reason if possible. He began in the very outset to question me about the reasons of my long neglect, and pressed the question so closely that I at length told him the whole story from the beginning, when he began to laugh most boisterously, saying, 'We had thought it was much worse than that. I was so indignant at his unseemly conduct that I could not speak, and turned and left him instantly. A few months later, in the year 1855, this priest died, and the people began to seek for another one, when it was rumored in the city that the Rev. Mr. Wilson,

American missionary, had come to live in Hums, and that he was of the Angleez religion. I then recalled what my mother had spoken of the Angleez, as a godly people, who had no confession to priests, and longed from my inmost soul to see the missionary and his wife, and more especially to inquire about their religious belief. But what could a poor girl do, in a city where a woman is never allowed to see the face of a stranger? My brother Asaad was passionately fond of reading in a book called 'Lives of the Saints,' and in the Psalms; and one day he was reading in the Psalms this verse, 'They have eyes, but they see not; ears have they, but they hear not,' etc., and it made such an impression on my mind, that I never forgot it. So that whenever I saw the pictures on the shelf, I recalled it to mind. One day, Asaad was reading the twenty-fourth verse of the prayers to the Virgin, and we were kneeling together before the pictures, when suddenly that verse from the 115th

Psalm came to my mind, and I said to him, 'What do you think, brother; is it not true of these pictures which we are praying to, that they have ears and hear not, as is said in the Psalm?' He threw down the book from which he was reading, and said to me, 'Silence wretch! silence wretch! Ask God to forgive you at once!' I was frightened and ashamed, thinking I had said something dreadful, and called on God to forgive me for what I had said.

"A few days after, my brother went with other young men to the house of Mr. Wilson to argue with him and refute his heresies, and he continued to go to him day after day, and would return home and study out answers to Mr. Wilson's questions, and new questions for him to answer; and thus our house became the headquarters of the young men who were inquiring about the Protestant religion. I now began to think of going myself to the missionary's house. But it was considered a great

disgrace, according to Hums customs, for a young girl to go to the house of a stranger; but I determined to go and see for myself these people who fear God, and have no confession to the priests, in order to hear for myself about their doctrine. So I went, and on my arrival went to Mrs. Wilson's room, and after the usual salutations, I sat down by her and began to ask her about her country and people. and why she left her mother to come to Syria; and then I asked her about her religion, and how she and the women in her country manage in the matter of confessing sin. She answered me, and I kept on asking as much as the time would permit, and I wondered that a woman should know so much, and be able to read and expound the Word of God. When I returned home, my mind was full of great thoughts about what I had heard of this wonderful religion, and I longed to understand every point in its doctrines. My brother Asaad became deeply interested in this new

study. He brought books and tracts from Mr Wilson, and gathered the young men around him, and they had long and exciting discussions about this new religion of the Angleez, and they studied out answers to Mr. Wilson, only to have them all overturned the next time they met him. I always sat and listened to every word they said with the deepest interest.

"I now went a second time to see Mrs. Wilson, and she received me very kindly, and answered patiently all my questions, and I became entirely convinced that confession of sins should be to God alone. On returning home, I told my mother of all that had passed, and she at once forbade my going again to Mr. Wilson's house, giving various reasons. She said it was a shame for an unmarried girl to go to the house of strangers, and moreover, if I continued to go there, no one would ever marry me, and then she threatened me with beating and disinheriting me. But my mind was not at rest. I longed to hear more of the

Word of God, and inquire again and again about this sect of the *Injeel*, or Evangel. I thought over it, and prayed, and then decided that it was my duty to obey God rather than man, and not to regard the prohibitions of my mother, although I had never disobeyed her before as long as I could remember. So I used to put on my white *ezar* and veil, and go out without saying where I was going, and spend hours almost every day with Mrs. Wilson. This continued for some time, no one knowing of my going there, and I thus learned more and more fully that salvation was through Jesus Christ alone. But at length it was found out that I had been in the habit of going to Mrs. Wilson all this time, and my friends at once inferred that I too had been inquiring about the new religion of the Angleez. Certain of the women also, who had been to call on Mrs. Wilson, reported that I had become an Anglîzîyeh, as they had seen me kneeling by the side of Mrs. Wilson, and praying like

the Moslems, with my face covered by my hands.

"My mother was greatly excited by this intelligence. Her mind flew away from her head, and she said to me, 'You crazy creature, what has happened to you, that you behave in this way? You insane girl, do you wish to bring everlasting disgrace upon our family by such conduct as this?' When I heard this, I was satisfied that it was not possible for a girl like me to enjoy liberty of worship in Hums, and as I had heard from Mrs. Wilson of schools for girls in Beirût, I told my mother that I would like to learn, and that Mr. Wilson would educate me gratuitously, and thus she would escape from the scandal and calumny of the people; for I was determined, if I remained in Hums, to go to Mr. Wilson's house to worship. She replied 'Now I *know* that you are out of your head. I shall inform your brother Asaad of this.' When Asaad came home she told him

what I had said, and he began to deride me, and insisted that I give up these new views at once, and that, if I spoke of them again, he would beat me and drive me from the house.

"The news now spread through the neighborhood that I had become Angleez, and all joined in heaping insults upon me, in every way they supposed would wound my feelings. Thus I was thrown into the severest straits from within and without, and, a poor, helpless girl, I saw no way of relief. Yet I still succeeded in going at least once a week to the house of Mr. Wilson. The news of my conduct now reached the Greek Bishop Gregorius, who sent out spies to watch me whenever I left my home. On learning of this, I changed my white *ezar* for a black one, such as only the elderly women wear in Hums, so as to conceal myself from the spies. Yet even this did not shield me, for one day, when I was going along the street, I found that two

men were following me. I changed my course at once, and they followed close upon me. Seeing no way of escape from them, I turned toward Mr. Wilson's house, and attempted to enter it suddenly. Just before I reached the outer door, one of them sprang toward me and seized my *ezar* and my hair together, and dragged me back by my hair to the street. I screamed with pain, and after a desperate struggle escaped from him and entered the door, and informed Mr. Wilson of what had happened. He went to the door, and after hearing their angry demands to enter the house, refused to allow them to go in. They then went away and sent others, who demanded to see me, and were forbidden. At last it was publicly known that I had become an Evangelical, accursed from the Greek Church and the priests. My mother now alternately cursed and threatened and wept over me, but she loved me so much that she would not tell Asaad all that happened, lest he drive

me from the house, for my father was not living. Yet I did not give up following the dictates of my own conscience, and continued going to the house of Mr. Wilson, although he frequently was obliged to escort me home after sunset to save me from assault by the bishop's spies.

"About two years now passed, within which period my brother Asaad became also enlightened, and ceased to persecute me, so that he too was called an Angleez. The bishop was greatly enraged and sent for Asaad, and after threatening him with excommunication and ruin, demanded that he bring me to appear before him, in order that he might convince me and bring me back to the Greek Church. There was one priest in Hums whom I truly respected, Priest Aiesa, who had never joined in the persecution against me, but was my friend, and once, when he was ill, had sent for Mr. Wilson to come and pray with him. He was a venerable man, and sympathized

with evangelical doctrines. I speak thus plainly of him because he is now deceased. I went to him and told him I would not remain a Greek, that I was a Protestant by conviction, and asked him whether I should go to the bishop and tell him my views, and separate myself entirely from the Greeks. He said no, rather follow the advice of Mr. Wilson. I asked Mr. W., and he advised me not to go to the bishop, as, under the circumstances, no one knew what might happen to me. Said he, 'If the bishop wishes to ask you anything, let him send to me; and if he wishes to see me, I will go to him, but do you beware of going near him.

"When the bishop found that I would not go to him, and that both Asaad and myself were unwavering in our principles, he summoned my mother to his presence, and charged her, as an orthodox Greek and a lover of her religion, to put an end to her daughter's heresy at once, by engaging her in mar

riage to a man who would govern her and prevent her forever from going to the accursed Wilson's house. He then commended to her a youth named Yusef Nejjar. She accepted the offer at once, and, after conference with my relatives, confirmed the betrothal, without even consulting me; and thus I was engaged to be married to a man I did not know, and against my consent. They even convinced Asaad that it would be best for me, and he joined with them in sustaining the engagement, although he was now openly a Protestant. For a whole year they insisted that I be married, and I refused, until at length the young man Yusef went to Egypt to study medicine in the Viceroy's Medical College. I was delighted, for I knew that he would be away for four years at least, and I thanked God for the prospect of release from marriage with a Greek. In 1860, Mr. Wilson was obliged to leave H ms on account of the civil war going on in the country, and in

1861 he sailed for America. Rev. Mr. Lyons, of Tripoli, then came to Hums on a visit, and placed in the city a young man named Elias es Saadeh as native preacher.

"Priest Aiesa had aided me in getting released from the former engagement, and in 1862 I was married to Elias, with my mother's consent. My husband, my mother, and my brother, are all now Protestants. In 1863, I united with the Beirût church, in company with my husband and several others, my brother Asaad having united with the Hums church four years previous. My aged mother is now (August, 1872) asking to be received to the communion of the church; and thus, through the grace of God, we have all escaped from the superstitions and traditions of men, and their confessions to the priests, and we have laid hold of the only hope of salvation, through the Lord Jesus Christ alone. The Lord in his goodness has given us four sons and one daughter; and I earnestly pray to Him to grant me and them, and all

my relatives, an inheritance in His everlasting kingdom, through the sole merits of our only Redeemer! Amen.

"MIRIAM SAADEH."

"Aitath, Mount Lebanon,
August, 1872."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CIVIL WAR.

MANY references have been made in the foregoing pages to the Civil War that raged through Lebanon in 1860. The real causes of this awful calamity have not yet been, and perhaps never will be, fully ascertained. The feudal system of government, long since obsolete in Europe, still existed there, and bore its usual fruits of hostility between rival chiefs and clans, sometimes breaking out into actual war. This tendency was aggravated by the fact that the chiefs and their retainers were divided into several sects, hostile from the nature of their creeds and from the traditions of centuries. Of the Roman Catholic sects, Maronite and United Greek, France claimed to be the protector from the time of the Crusades · the Orthodox Greeks, in like manner, relied on

the protection of Russia ; while the Druzes, for some years past, had felt strong in the friendship of Great Britian. The Turkish Government, it has been said, desired and encouraged a war in Mount Lebanon, as an excuse for crushing these feudal chiefs, substituting her own direct government for theirs, and thus relieving herself from foreign protectorates. France, it is said, wanted, and through her clerical and other emissaries promoted, an outbreak, that she might have an excuse for occupying the country, under the pretence of restoring peace, but with the secret intention of retaining it. Russia is accused of desiring and seeking to promote anything that would hasten the falling to pieces of the Turkish Empire, when at least Constantinople and European Turkey will be her prize. It is also said that the Mohammedans, everywhere perceiving the decline of their power, and apprehensive of its early termination, are exasperated into a revival of fanaticism, breaking out in massacres, now at

Jedda, now at Delhi and Cawnpore, and now in Lebanon and at Damascus. And it has been said that the Roman Catholic sects, instigated by their priestly leaders, native and European, desired a war with the Druzes, as the most convenient and effectual way to exterminate Protestantism, the principal seats of which were in a region which would also be the main seat of a successful war against the Druzes.

To these may be added the unsettled condition of the Turkish Empire, its financial collapse, and the suspected liberal and un-Mohammedan tendencies of the Sultan Abd ul Mejid.

In an Arabic letter written by the Moslems of Damascus to the Moslems of Hamath, which came to light during the war, it was declared that among other reasons for exterminating the Christians, was this, that the Sultan himself had violated the law of Islam, by hanging pictures in his palace, and having his own portrait over his head, and in wearing an ornament

engraved with the sign of the cross. Besides these general troubles, famine was imminent.

The great wheat-fields of Hamath, Baalbec, and Houran did not yield half a crop in 1859, and Syria had been obliged to send "down to Egypt to buy corn." The silk crop failed. It was not the bearing year for the olives. And many people were obliged to live on grass and roots. In the spring of 1860 a worm appeared in the Jebail district of Lebanon, which was very destructive to the growing wheat and the eggs of the silkworms. Trouble was brewing also from the fact that the almost complete lack of justice and firm government in Syria, as throughout the Empire, had kept society in an uneasy condition, and had led men to trust in their own prowess and skill rather than in the arm of the law to rectify wrong. The soldiers of the regular army stationed in Syria did not receive their pay with the least regularity. Just before the war the Government was in arrears to them for two years' wages, while

the Government officials were receiving enormous salaries, and the Sultan was indulging in shameful extravagance.

The outbreak was no new and strange experience for Lebanon, as if war had suddenly fallen on a peaceful land. For several hundred years its history has been one of civil war, assassination, and carnage.

Before the conquest of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, in 1831, Mount Lebanon was under the government of the celebrated Emir Besheer, a feudal prince, who paid a nominal tribute to the Pasha of Acre. Under the severe and energetic government of Ibrahim Pasha the Lebanon mountaineers were disarmed, and the country was quiet until 1840, when the Sultan, aided by the Allied Powers, expelled the Egyptian army from Syria. Through English influence the second Emir Besheer was then made governor of Lebanon, and affairs continued in an unsettled state until 1845, when the memorable civil war broke out between the Druzes

and Maronites, and all southern and central Lebanon was ravaged with fire and sword. Whole villages were razed to the ground, and the country has never recovered from the effects of the bloody strife. At the close of the war the Government was arranged on a war basis. Through French and English influence, two *Kaim Makams*, or governors, were set over Lebanon, a Druze governor over the Druze region south of the Damascus road, and a Maronite (Papal) governor over the Maronite region to the north. These feudal governors had almost absolute power, paying merely a nominal tribute to the Pasha of Beirût. The government of Lebanon was thus put virtually out of the hands of the Sultan, being at the disposal of France and England, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the Ottoman authorities, and especially of the Pasha of Beirût.

The politics of Lebanon thus became a series of plots and intrigues on the part of the foreign powers and the Turkish officials to

secure the supremacy among the old feudal families of the mountains. The Sultan was anxious to appoint Turkish governors in the place of the native Arab princes, but was thwarted by his Western allies. The consequence was that the Turkish officials, instead of seeking the quiet of Lebanon, fomented civil war and dissension, in order to demonstrate to the English and French, what they constantly asserted to be true, that Lebanon could never be at peace until the Arab rulers gave place to Turkish. Hence, while murders and depredations were committed, the Pasha of Beirût looked on with more than complacency.

In the Lebanon district, the Druzes, a Moslem sect, though counted heretical by the "faithful," numbered about ten thousand fighting men, the Maronites (Papists) about thirty thousand, all thoroughly armed.

In 1859, Zahleh, on the Eastern declivity of Lebanon, the chief seat of the Jesuit mission and the strongest military post of the Maro-

nites, successfully resisted the collection of taxes. The Maronites spoke openly of driving the Druzes from the mountain. On the 27th of May the Pasha of Beirût led a small force a few miles out of the city to intercept an army of Maronites from Kesrawan. An hour after he reached his camp six hundred Maronites marched insolently past him. He ordered them to return or he would attack them. The next morning, regardless of his message, they attacked Beit Miri. The trouble, however, was temporarily checked by the Pasha. But it intensified the traditional and bitter hatred between the sects. During the winter, murders and highway robberies had been more than commonly frequent. Maronite convents were pillaged, and one prior was murdered in cold blood. On Sunday, April 8th, an armed body of Druzes from the vicinity of Deir el Komr, came to Shwifat and demanded of the Druze Emir the punishment of the Maronite who had recently murdered a Druze on the Damascus

road. And it was only with great difficulty the Emir prevailed on them to return in peace.

A sign very ominous for peace appeared in the early spring, for many of the mountaineers sent their valuables down to Beirût for safe-keeping.

During the later part of April, and the first of May, the country was so quiet that the fears that had been excited were in a good measure quelled, and it was hoped that the fear of famine and the need of industry would turn the thoughts of the people away from war.

But on Tuesday, the 15th of May, three Druzes were assassinated near the bridge over the river Owaleh, near Sidon. In less than forty-eight hours four Maronites were murdered near Jezzîn in the mountains east of Sidon. Two days after, two Moslem muleteers from Hamath were murdered by the Maronites of the Kesrawan, on the sea-shore a few hours north of Beirût. A Maronite muleteer was

then shot at Khan Medairej, on the Damascus road. Thus the *lex talionis* began to be executed with savage exactness.

Meanwhile the Maronites of the Kesrawan began to prepare for war. A famous family of that region, named Beit el Khazin, were expelled some two years since from their hereditary dominion in the mountain, and a man named Tannûs Shehen, the blacksmith, gathered a strong party and seized upon all their immense estates, and put himself in an attitude of defiance to the Pasha of Beirût. As the Maronite clergy were now urging the people on to war with the Druzes, they fixed upon this Tannûs as commander-in-chief, though he was inferior both in skill and experience to scores of the Druze sheikhs of the mountains, whom he would have to meet. The Druze governors, begs, and sheikhs were openly exerting themselves to keep the peace; and though trained to warlike pursuits from infancy, and proving themselves terrible adver-

saries in battle, they were shrewd enough to see that they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by a civil war. In all the region south of Beirût the village governors were Druzes, while about one-half of the people were Christians. The Druze governors were thus dependent for their revenues on the industry of the Christians, and used every means to win their favor, and they knew that war would ruin Druzes and Christians alike. They bound their people of every sect by oath that they would not leave their own districts, nor fight, unless attacked, when it was agreed that all should unite and make common cause against the assailants, whoever they might be. Still the assassinations continued. On the 22d of May, ten persons had been killed in the Shoof district near Jezzîn. Rumors of trouble came from every side. The American Consul in Beirût, Mr. J. A. Johnson, sent a janizary, a Government guard, to each of the Americans in Mount Lebanon, with orders to the district

governors to protect the Americans by all means. In Abeih, on the mountain above Beirût, the people flocked to the house of Mr. Calhoun, the missionary, bringing their gold and silver ornaments to a place of safety. As the houses of foreigners are generally respected in times of war, they are apt to become magazines of the property of the people. On the 24th the Maronites of Zahleh attacked the Druzes of Kub Elias and drove them out of Bukaa. Three Druzes were murdered near Beirût. On Sunday, at the advice of Kassim Beg, the peace-loving Druze governor of Abeih, all the Protestants of the village took refuge on the premises of the American mission.

At ten o'clock the students of the Seminary and the little Protestant community assembled in the chapel for worship. Just as the prayer was concluded every one was startled by the wild cry of a man, who, running by, shouted for some friend who was within. A moment after, just as the preacher

was reading the Arabic translation of the words of the hymn, "When griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide," there was a shout and the discharge of twenty guns, and in a moment not one person was left in the chapel. The whole population were running to and fro, women and children screaming and crowding to the house of Mr. Calhoun. One man had been killed, and parties of Druzes were marching about, singing their fiendish war-song. As soon as the truth was known there was more quiet. It seems the firing was only a salute to the begs, by the people of a neighboring village. But such was the state of alarm, that a Druze, hearing it, supposed the war had begun, and shot the first Christian he met, while fifty leading Maronite men fled at once to the sea-shore. A fight took place half a mile below, and the Maronite village of Ain Rufeal was burned by the Druzes of Aramoon.

On Monday and Tuesday the war went

on in earnest. Tannûs Beg moved forward his disordered forces toward the south from the Dog River, and on Tuesday night reached Babda, southeast of Beirût.

On Wednesday morning the Druzes rushed down from the mountains, drove back the Maronites, burned the villages of Babda, El Hadeth, and Wady Shehroor; while to the east the Maronites burned in all thirteen Druze villages.

On Thursday the missionaries in the mountains gathered their scattered company, and, with the teachers and scholars, and nearly a hundred of the poor villagers, made their way to Beirût. By this time nearly fifty hamlets and villages had been burned. Soon after they reached the city, the Pasha of Beirût, who had thus far been in camp with a thousand soldiers, calmly looking on at the havoc, though secretly encouraging the Druzes, started with a military force for Khan Medairej. Reaching there, he openly sided with

the Druzes, on the ground that the Maronites were the aggressors. And because Tannûs Beg, who had been in an attitude of rebellion against the Turkish Government, had taken the lead of a large body of nominal Christians and advanced to the borders of the Druze district, the Pasha, true to his Moslem instincts, declared all the Christian population rebels, and encouraged the Druzes in their bloody work. And the Turkish governors in Deir el Komr, Sidon, and Hasbeiya and other places followed his example. This put the Maronites at a fearful disadvantage. They and the Greek Catholics had no union and no efficient leaders, nor any regular preparation for war; while against them, supported by all the moral aid the Government could give, were a set of Moslem fanatics, who believed in fatalism and rushed into battle and to death with a perfect fury. Nor was the trouble confined to the neighborhood of Beirût. On the 2d of June, Rev. Mr. Ford

and Rev. Mr. Eddy, American missionaries in Sidon, wrote from that place, saying that the city was in great alarm, the Moslems arming and the Druzes outside pursuing the Christian from the mountains and shooting them down like wild beasts. When the Americans asked the Turkish governor for a guard he refused to give it. When they said, "Then we shall have to leave the city," his insolent answer was, "As you choose." But Mr. Johnson, the American Consul at Beirût, who was particularly active and efficient during the times of danger, obtained at once a stringent order upon the commander in Sidon to furnish the Americans with as many guards as they wished. The English war-steamer Firefly was also dispatched to look into matters at Sidon.

The war which raged near Beirût had extended with great violence to the district of Jezzîn, east of Sidon. Jezzîn is one of the strongest Christian villages in Southern Lebanon, and one of the most beautiful for situation and

scenery. It was under the government of the famous Said Beg Janblat of Mukhtara, the wealthiest Druze governor in Lebanon.

About the 1st of June, Said Beg sent a letter to the Maronite Bishop Butrus Bestang of Jezzîn, assuring him that all was safe, and his people need fear nothing from any quarter. But the very next day the Druzes of Said Beg's district attacked Jezzîn, drove out the people, and of course burned the town. Men, women, and children fled toward Sidon. The bishop, with about seventy persons, fled toward Tyre, and reached the city after great perils. The Druzes pursued those going toward Sidon, burning all the Christian villages on the way, driving the Christians ahead of them, till the flying throng numbered many hundreds. The famous Greek Catholic convent, Deir el Mukhullis, one of the richest in Syria, and the nunnery of Es Saiede, were pillaged and burned. Priests, nuns, men, women, and children fled in a promiscuous crowd to take refuge within the

walls of Sidon. As they came to the old Phœnician tombs near the city, the men all surrendered their arms to the Druzes on condition of being allowed to enter the city. When disarmed, the treacherous Druzes fell upon them like tigers. Some fled to the south toward Tyre, only to be met and hewn in pieces by the Metawileh. Those who turned toward Sidon were met by a mob of fanatical Moslems who shot them down, while the Druzes, shouting their war-cry and firing upon them, cut off all retreat Not a man or boy escaped, except the few who hid in caves and gardens. The women were robbed of their caps and ornaments, stripped, and outraged. The city gates had been closed by the Mohammedans inside, and the frantic Christians, trying to force their way in, were charged with shooting a Turkish policeman who hindered them. The Turkish commander thereupon let loose his soldiers, and they joined in hunting down the fugitives. The lowest estimate made of the deaths on

that fearful day was six hundred, while others placed it at fifteen hundred. When H. B. M. war-steamer Firefly reached Sidon, Captain Mansell sent at once to demand an interview with the Druze commander, Kasim el Yusef, the agent of Said Beg Janblat. This man had been the chief butcher of the Christians. He came on board after being assured that no violence would be done him. And Captain Mansell compelled him to give a written pledge that no more murder or plundering should take place; and told him that if the gates were shut again or any one injured or hindered in his lawful business, he should be personally answerable for it to the English Government. This produced comparative quiet and confidence in the city; but outside there was only a temporary cessation.

The steamer returned to Beirût on Monday. That very day, six priests, who had been concealed in the gardens, attempted to enter the city, when five were massacred, and the sixth managed to reach the city severely wounded.

While these scenes were passing at Sidon, the storm of Moslem fury gathered at Deir el Komr. That town, situated on the mountain back from the coast, about midway between Beirût and Sidon, was, next to Zahleh, the largest in Mount Lebanon, and was formerly the capital city of the province. The Christian population numbered several thousands, the most of whom were tradesmen and artisans. The wheat and flour of the city were almost entirely taken from Beirût, and to keep the Beirût road open was for them a matter of life and death. Some years since, the people, being tired of the Druze rule, asked the Sultan to give them a Kaim Makam, or Turkish governor.

This was granted, and the town was thus the only one in Lebanon having a Turkish governor, and under him the people expected protection. If the Pasha of Beirût and his sub-officials had been desirous of keeping the peace, they could have declared that this town belonged to the Sultan, and fighting and burning would not

be allowed, and neither party would have dared oppose them. But the Druzes knew from the outset that they had the sympathy of the Turks, and that the war was to be a Mohammedan onslaught against Christianity; and they began the war against Deir el Komr on the 26th of May, by murdering one of the citizens who was on the highway from Beirût in the company and employment of a Turkish officer. He was drinking at the fountain of Ainab, and four Druzes fired on him at once. He fell dead into the fountain. The Turkish officer said nothing, and rode on. The tidings of this murder produced great excitement in the Deir. Two Druzes walking in the street were shot down, and three were wounded. Then the Druzes outside killed several Christians of the neighboring villages and burned their houses. The Druzes also cut off all intercourse between Deir el Komr and Beirût, so that the people were left in great distress. The supply of flour was very small. Wheat could

hardly be obtained, and if obtained, could not be taken to the mills on the river Damoor, then in the hands of the Druzes. The town was besieged by Druzes, though garrisoned by Turkish soldiers. The Government in Beirût knew of the distress and hunger of the people, but sent no relief.

On Friday, June 1st, the Druzes invested the town and began the attack. As the houses at the west end were much scattered, the besiegers burned them as they advanced, though suffering great loss, for the Maronites fought from behind their houses, and by nightfall the Druzes retired, having burned one hundred and fifty houses and lost about one hundred and fifty men. The Christian loss was about twenty ; but as their ammunition was getting short, and they were exhausted by their want of food, a truce was agreed to.

Mr. Bird, the American missionary at Deir el Komr, had gone that very morning to Ain Zehalteh, about nine miles off, thinking all was

quiet and safe. Returning in the afternoon, he found the battle raging, and was compelled to wait in the palace of B'teddin, across the valley, and watch the progress of the fight and the fire threating his own house. When he reached it he found it unharmed, except that there were marks of some fifty bullets; and on tracing the direction from which they came, he found beyond doubt that they were fired by a Druze named Asaada Tye, who had but recently been discharged from his employ, and who was found shot dead in the very spot from which the balls must have come.

All the time this destruction was going on, the Turkish governor sat quietly in his castle, with several hundred soldiers, looking on, and doing nothing but encourage the Druzes. Mrs. Bird asked him for a guard in her husband's absence, and he refused it. A school building almost adjoining Mr. Bird's house was burned to the ground, with a large number of valuable books belongirg to the mission.

From the time of this attack until the 21st of June the Druzes continued to besiege the town, not allowing a man to leave it unless in company with an American with a consular guard, and no flour could be sent to them without a strong guard and an American or Englishman in company. The missionaries succeeded in rescuing about fifty people, whom they brought to Beirût.

On the 19th of June, Mr. Bird took his family to Abeih, leaving about thirty people in his house, and obtaining strong assurances from the Druze sheikhs that his house should not be injured. The next day he rode back to inquire into the state of affairs, and bring away some of his property and some of those who had taken refuge in his house. Before he left the town that day, the work of butchery commenced.

As the Christians had all been compelled by the Turkish governor to surrender their arms before this time, they had no means of

resistance. The bloody work begun on Wednesday, the 20th, was finished on Thursday. The Druzes came upon the town, encouraged and aided by the soldiers of the Sultan, and before night had killed in cold blood not less than twelve hundred men. The women and children for the most part escaped to the seashore, and the only men saved were the few who fled before the war, and the twenty or thirty who had taken refuge in the house of Mr. Bird.

He went again the next day with a strong guard, and found the streets piled with naked corpses, blood sprinkled on house and street, here and there men and women stripping the mutilated bodies and gathering the remnants of plunder. Every house except his own in the whole city was burned, and the large and beautiful town a perfect desolation. With great difficulty he succeeded in getting away the men who had taken refuge in his house. Some fifteen hundred women and children

who reached the sea-shore were taken to Beirût on French and English war-steamers sent for the purpose. Out of 6,000 inhabitants, 600 men and 2,400 women and children were driven away or escaped, 2,206 men were killed, 160 died in Beirût, leaving 634 missing.

The news of this fiendish massacre pro duced the greatest consternation in Beirût; and on Saturday an attack from the Druzes, together with a general rising of the Moslems, was hourly anticipated. Ismaiel Pasha, a Hungarian in the Sultan's service, arrived that morning from Constantinople, with two thousand troops; but he could not trust them, as they were raw recruits, and requested the English and French commanders in the harbor to have soldiers in readiness to land at any hour of the night. Some of the foreign residents took refuge in the shipping in the harbor, and others at the houses of the consuls. People lost all confidence in the Turkish

officers, and the conviction became general that there was to be, with the countenance of the Government, a great Moslem insurrection throughout the East against all Christians and foreigners.

On that fatal 2d of June, the Druzes from the vicinity of Mount Hermon came upon Rasheiya, and, aided by the Turkish soldiers placed there for the protection of the poor people, burned the town and slew the people. Little children were taken up on spears and bayonets and thrown into the burning houses.

In Hasbeiya, the war began on the same day, Saturday, and continued until Sunday evening; when, although the Christians of the town were maintaining their ground, in connection with the Moslem Emirs, against the Druzes, Othman Beg, the Turkish commander of the soldiers in the place, ordered all the Christians to retreat to the palace under his protection, promising to fire on the Druzes with cannon and disperse them. The

Christians, trusting to his promise, entered the palace; but the commander, instead of firing on the Druzes, allowed them to plunder the town and burn it to ashes.

A portion of the Protestant church was plundered, and the wood-work carried off, and the bell broken. Many of the pieces of the bell were found afterward in neighboring villages, serving as weights for the shop-keepers.

The Christians and the Moslem Emirs of Bate Shehab (who are Moslems, but regarded as not orthodox) continued in the palace of Othman Beg, while a larger multitude were received for protection into the palace of the Druze Sit (or lady) Nafeah, a widow belonging to one of the chief families of the country.

This Sit Nafeah was brought to Beirût the next December. Her apparent kindness in saving the lives of so many Christian women drew forth at the time of the massacre many expressions of commendation. But it turned out that she was only playing a part, and while

she saved a number of Protestant men, and saved men of other sects, together with hundreds of women and children, she was actually implicated in the massacre of all the men who were killed. She was under instructions from Said Beg, her brother, and saved the Protestants, hoping thus to gain the favor of the English Consul and other officials, and save herself and her brother from punishment. On her arrival at Beirût, the house in which she was temporarily placed was surrounded by Hasbeiya widows, who wailed and mourned under her window, calling on her to give back their murdered husbands and brothers, and rending the air with their piercing cries. They sent word to Fuad Pasha not to allow her to walk in the streets, for they could not restrain themselves should they meet her unattended. She was afterward imprisoned in the Government barracks.

Several of the Protestants for whom the Sit Nafeah sent, declined to come to her palace.

saying that Othman Beg had promised them the protection of the Sultan. But after he had thus enticed some three thousand into his palace, where they were in great straits for food, and packed one upon another, he ordered all the men to give up their arms, as he wished to send them to Damascus. They obeyed, and the weapons were packed off on mules, and when just outside the town, the Druzes captured them all without resistance. On Sunday, June 10, the famous Said Beg, of the Janblat family of Mukhtara, sent several hundred men to Hasbeiya to bring away his sister, the Sit Nafeah. She refused to go, and the men remained. On Tuesday, an infamous Druze chief, Kenj el Amad, came from the Bukaa, bringing fifty Christians of Koraoon, telling them he had orders to take them and all the Christians of Hasbeiya safely to Damascus. They too entered the palace.

Then the Druzes began to assemble from the country round. At noon, Othman Beg

removed his hareem from the palace. The Turkish soldiers secured all their effects, and then drove all the men from the upper rooms of the palace into the court. The Christians knew that they were entrapped and the hour had come. Some fifteen hundred women and children followed the men down stairs. A pious Protestant, Abû Monsûr Barakat, exhorted them to put their trust in Christ, and then led them in prayer. The Turkish soldiers threw open the doors. The Druzes rushed in, and with battle-axes, swords, and knives butchered the people like sheep. Abû Monsûr was struck down while praying. The soldiers prevented the people from escaping up stairs, and the Druzes continued the massacre till night. The blood flowed out of the door in a stream. Not less than a thousand men were slain. About sixty saved themselves by hiding in dark corners and under piles of the dead, and then leaping from the high windows in the night and running toward Tyre Most of these reached

Beirût clothed in garments saturated with blood. Most of the women and children, and all who had taken refuge with Sit-Nafeah, were saved.

While these fearful scenes were transpiring in the mountains and on the coast, the many sects of the ancient city of Damascus were becoming more and more excited.

The elements of a deadly struggle have existed side by side in Damascus for more than a thousand years. When Damascus was taken by Khaled, Mohammed's general, in the year 635 A. D., there arose a dispute between him and Ibnel Obeid as to the disposition to be made of the Christian inhabitants. One urged that they be put to the sword, the other that they be allowed to live under certain conditions. The question was referred to Khalif Omar, who decided that the Christians be allowed to live in case they would conform to sixty-five conditions which he prescribed. Among these were the following: Christians should never

ride on horseback; they should never wear clothing of the *sacred* green color, or any other bright color, but always dress in black; they should never walk on the elevated pavement in the street, but in the gutter; a Christian should never walk on the right hand of a Moslem, nor elevate his voice in the presence of a Moslem, even if he were beaten by him; it should always be lawful for Moslems to spit upon Christians and smite them with their shoes, or insult them in any way they saw fit; Christians could never hold slaves, but must be willing to serve the followers of the Prophet. Crushing and humiliating as were these conditions, they were submitted to by Christians, and have been insisted upon by the Moslems of Damascus, to the very letter, until within the past quarter of a century.

When Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, took Damascus, he annulled these humiliating enactments, brought down the pride and influence of the Moslems, elevated the Christians to places of

trust, and established equality between all religions.

The Christians began to wear gay clothing, to ride on horseback, and even to march in religious processions. Europeans visited the city without restraint. But the exasperated Moslems vowed that they would avenge these insults offered to their sacred city. In addition to all this came the famous Hatti Humaiyûn, or firman of civil and religious liberty, in which the Sultan himself declared all sects to be on an exact equality. Christians were placed in the *Medjlis*, or city council, all the rights of Moslems were given to them, and the old "sixty-five conditions" of the infallible Khalif Omar were trampled in the dust. The more liberal Moslems submitted without complaint. Many called it fate, and yielded; while the fire of fanatical hate was roused anew in the hearts of thousands, who waited only for an opportunity to take vengeance on the "infidel dogs." Frank influence was also increasing.

Foreign consuls lived in Damascus in great state. Frank travellers entered the city without dismounting, or even changing their dress for Arab clothing, as they were formerly required to do. Papal convents were multiplying under protection of European consuls. Protestant missionaries were established in the city with their churches, schools, and books. The fanatical Moslems saw their sacred city relapsing into forgetfulness of its ancient proud exclusiveness, while "infidels" were growing in power.

When the civil war broke out in Lebanon, it soon became evident that it was not a struggle between Druze and Maronite, but an organized effort on the part of Mohammedan and semi-Mohammedan sects to exterminate every form of Christianity in Syria. Othman Beg, the infamous wretch whose soldiers had aided in the massacre of Hasbeiya, went to Damascus with his troops immediately after that event, with the evident intention of stirring up insurrection on a wider scale. He was

afterward shot by order of Fuad Pasha. The wild Moslem mob of the *Medan*, in Damascus, were roused to fury as the Turkish troops told how they helped murder Christians. As Druzes, Arabs of the desert, and Moslems from Damascus burned and plundered the villages about that city, the Christians who escaped crowded within the walls. In many Christian villages the old alternative was enforced, "The Koran or the sword."

On the 1st of July, Damascus contained about 110,000 Mohammedans, 25,000 Christians of all sects, 15,000 Jews, and 6,000 Christian refugees. The presence of the soldiers and the refugees, the anarchy of the country, the complicity of the Turkish officials in recent massacres, brought on the catastrophe. Christians were insulted in the streets. Armed men congregated at the coffee-houses. Koords, Bedawins, Druzes, and Moslem ruffians threatened daily to rise against the Christians. And even the most respectable declared that the time

had come for humbling the Christians. Terror seized all the Christians. The foreign consuls went to the Pasha and demanded that he keep the peace of the city. He promised everything, and did nothing. All eyes were turned toward the doomed city. Moslems looked to it as their sacred city, whose example all the faithful are to follow. Christians and foreigners trembled as they thought of the fate of the thousands imprisoned in that inland city, to whom death was certain if they attempted to escape, and but too probable if they remained.

In Tyre, Sidon, Tripoli, Aleppo, and Beirût there was excessive alarm. The Damascus post was watched with intense anxiety. At length the blow fell. The post which reached Beirût July 11th brought a few short, nervous epistles, written in great haste and in circumstances of intense alarm and terror: "The Moslems have risen—five hundred killed and wounded—churches and convents burned—American Vice consul wounded—Dutch Vice-consul killed—

Abd el Kader trying to save the Christians—burning and slaughter still going on."

The immediate cause of the outbreak was apparently the following: On Sunday, the 8th of July, several Moslems went through the Christian quarter, a narrow strip on the eastern edge of the city, drawing crosses in the mud and filth of the streets, compelling the Christians to spit upon, and then trample them. Some leading Christians complained to the Pasha. He ordered a punishment which raised the fury of the Moslems beyond control. On Monday the offenders were brought, heavy iron chains, the fetters used for murderers, were put on their ankles, they were led through the principal Moslem street in front of the great mosque, and word was given that they were on their way to sweep the streets in the Christian quarter. Under this intolerable insult, the moment the chained culprits passed the great mosque the Moslems flew to arms, shouting, "Death to the

infidels!" "To arms, ye Islam!" "Plunder kill, burn! Leave not a dog of them alive! The bloodthirsty mob rushed with wild cries to the Christian quarter. From three o'clock till after nightfall the furious tide poured into the eastern end of the city. Druzes were most intent on killing Christians; Koords on carrying off the beautiful women and girls to their hareems, while they and the Bedawins and Turkish soldiers vied with each other in securing the rich plunder. The frightened Christians, knowing that it was vain to fight, hid as they could in closets, wells, underground rooms, and chimneys, hoping to escape at night.

The American Vice-consul, Dr. M. Meshaka, a man famous through Syria for his eloquent defence of Protestantism, was attacked in his own house by a mob of Metawilchs and Moslems, fired at, and gashed in the head and arms by axes, but at last escaped under protection of a Moslem friend, who, with a company of

Abd el Kader's Algerines, led him to a safe place.

One bright part of the record of these awful days was the conduct of the noble Algerine Prince, Abd el Kader. He was the only official person who did anything to stop the massacre He was outside of the city when the outbreak began, but hastened at once to the Pasha, and demanded of him five hundred soldiers to coöperate with his one thousand Algerines, promising with them to stop the trouble at once. This he doubtless would have done. The Pasha at first consented, but after Abd el Kader had set out he recalled the Turkish soldiers. Finding he had no official authority to resist the mob, Abd el Kader opened his house as a place of refuge, and sent his Algerines through the streets to hunt out the poor Christians from their hiding-places and bring them to his palace. Soon he had gathered there two thousand. Then his men carried those they rescued to the great castle of the city, which in a few

days contained not less than twelve thousand persons, mainly women and children. Many of the wealthy and respectable citizens were protected by their friends among the Moslem aristocracy, but the lower and poorer classes, especially the refugees, were left to their fate. To escape from the Christian quarter, the poor people must either go through the famous east gate, and so fall into the hands of the Arabs, Koords, and Druzes, who were watching for them, or plunge into the very heart of the Moslem quarter, where men were exposed to death, and women to a fate worse than death.

The plundering, burning, and murder continued all night: the air was heavy with smoke and lurid with the glare of burning houses. All the consuls fled to the palace of Abd el Kader, to the houses of friendly Moslems, or to the English consulate, which was in the Moslem quarter, and was the only consulate not destroyed. Rev. Mr. Graham, an Irish Presbyterian missionary, was murdered in the street. A

colleague, Mr. Robinson, was rescued by a guard sent by the English Consul. The Dutch Vice-consul was killed, with all his family.

Tuesday, the second day, brought still greater terrors: the mob increased. In the Franciscan convent of European monks, more than one thousand persons had taken refuge: the convent was plundered and burned, and not one of the inmates escaped. Out of six hundred in the Greek Patriarchate, not more than twenty were saved. Not less than two thousand were killed that day. All the churches were burned. The property destroyed was claimed as worth not less than seven millions of dollars. The estimates of the whole number killed in Damascus varied from five thousand to eight thousand, while twenty thousand were left destitute. Corpses were thrown into wells and water-courses, burned in the houses, or left in the streets to breed pestilence or be devoured by dogs. Two days after the beginning of the massacre, Mr. Brant, the English Consul, pushed

his way with a strong guard to the Pasha, and demanded that he feed the refugees in the castle, and bury the dead. Some little attempt was made to feed the living. But the authorities seemed as helpless in caring for the dead as they had been in guarding them from death.

On the 10th of July, a new Pasha arrived. He ordered all arms to be laid aside, business to be resumed, and strangers to leave the city. But it was like talking to the wind. The mob treated his order with contempt, and continued to burn, pillage, and murder.

This Mohammed Pasha behaved himself while Fuad Pasha was present. But he was a Turk, and soon proved his nationality. Fuad Pasha out of the way, he took bribes to enormous amounts from fanatical Moslems, liberated two of the greatest criminals among the Moslem aristocracy, encouraged the mob, then declared his inability to keep the Turkish troops quiet, and sent his resignation to Constantinople.

Druzes gathered about the very palace of the Pasha, trying to stir up new disorder. Moslems went to thé castle, offering homes and protection to the half-starved women, and then carried them off and sold them as slaves and concubines. Many Moslems who gave refuge to the flying Christians, afterward gave them up to be murdered. Christians were tortured to compel them to reveal their treasures, and then slain lest they should complain. Many women had their hands and fingers cut off, so that their rings and bracelets could be taken more easily.

On the 17th of July the community in Beirût was greatly surprised and delighted by the arrival of Fuad Pasha, the Turkish minister of foreign affairs. He had come at the demand of the English and French ambassadors at Constantinople. He was the only man they would trust with supreme civil and military authority; and was, for a Turk, a sensible, liberal man, who knew that quieting Syria

matter of life and death with the Sultan. He was astonished on hearing the news from Damascus, and dispatched Halim Pasha to that city. But Halim did not dare bring his soldiers within reach of the fanaticism of the soldiers who had been engaged in the massacre and plundering. Soon after landing, Fuad Pasha expressed a wish to see some of the sufferers from Hasbeiya and Deir el Komr. Word was sent through the streets and gardens; and at three o'clock on the 20th of July they gathered at his encampment, till there were three or four thousand poor, ragged, half-starved widows and orphan children around him; and at the sight the great vizier was moved to tears. He promised to feed and protect them, and to punish the murderers.

Koorshid Pasha of Beirût, the Turkish governors of Deir el Komr and Hasbeiya, and Tahir Pasha, military governor of the province, were thrown into prison. The Pasha

of Damascus was sent to Constantinople. Fuad Pasha hastened to Damascus to carry out the work of relief there.

On the 30th of July, a French colonel arrived, to make arrangements for the landing of French troops. Major Frazier came from London, as high commissioner on the part of England. A few days after there were in the harbor vessels from England, France, Russia, Sardinia, Austria, Holland, Greece, and Turkey —though not a vessel of the United States navy appeared to look after American families and interests until months after the danger was gone, when the Susquehanna touched at the port.

Fuad Pasha summoned the council or *Medjlis* of Damascus, and, without asking them to sit down, gave them a severe rebuke. He told them they had violated the Mohammedan religion, the Turkish law, and had put the Sultan in a position from which he could hardly escape. He ordered them to make out lists

of the guilty, with a threat of execution if they did not. He called the *Mufti* and *Kadi*, and asked, "What shall be done with a murderer?" One answered, "He should be put to death." The other answered, "A living man is better than a dead one." He then ordered their beards shaved off, and cast them into prison. A thousand men were arrested. These signs of the presence of a guiding hand alarmed the Druzes, and a report gained currency that they would make a general stampede to the region east of the Jordan, called Houran, killing all the Christians as they went.

August brought English, French, Austrian, Prussian, and Russian commissioners, and two new Turkish commissioners. The latter were informed by the English Consul that if they did not set things right English troops would be sent ashore to do their work. Moved by this pressure, Fuad Pasha dealt still more stringently with Damascus. He executed 200 per-

sons, arrested 1,300, and banished to hard labor for life and to the army 2,000 plunderers. He divided the city into eight divisions, placing a governor and soldiers over each. The Moslems were turned out of three of their divisions of the city to make room for the Christians, who were thus brought into a peculiarly sacred part of the city. The gates were shut against all escape. But, severest of all, the Moslem young men were ordered to enter the Turkish army for life, in distant parts of the empire. This is a punishment feared almost more than death. On the arrest of Mohammed el Haleby, the great religious sheikh of Damascus, an attempt was made to close all the mosques and stop the *muezzin's* call to prayers. Fuad Pasha ordered that the first man who tried to close a mosque should be shot, and the plot failed. Incendiary placards were posted in Acre, near Mount Carmel. At Satakiah, a city on the sea-coast, 130 miles north of Beirût, the *muezzins* added to the usual call to prayer the exhortations, "O

Lord, scatter them all (the Christians); O Lord, disperse their party; O Lord, make their property a spoil to the Mussulmans; O Lord, by the Bukra (the name of the second *soora*, or chapter of the Koran), O Lord, by the ten men (the friends of Mohammed), make war, O Lord, upon the infidels, that they may die, the whole of them." Murders continued, and every part of the country was full of disturbance.

In September, after discussion between the French and Turkish military leaders, Fuad Pasha went to Sidon, and thence inland, with 3,000 Turkish troops, to Mukhtara, the palatial residence of Said Beg Janblat; Halim Pasha went to Hasbeiya, and the French army set out in two columns from Beirût for Lebanon. As a French column of 4,000, on their way toward Deir el Komr, came to Ainab, the Druzes fired on some young Maronites who had gone before them, whereupon the French commander ordered the village to be sacked; an order which was carried out with great alacrity by his soldiers.

In October, Fuad Pasha declared the work of punishment in Damascus to be done, and the city safe; but the safety was a mere sham. As the foreign influence was in favor of the Christians, he sought to bring ridicule on them by appointing governors of villages from the very meanest of them. Muleteers, camel-drivers, scamps and vagabonds of low degree, were put into responsible positions. Out of them all there was only one respectable man, Asaad Maghubghub, the Protestant teacher of Ain Zehalteh.

When General Kmetty, a Hungarian patriot in the Sultan's service, was placed as commander over the Southern Lebanon district, he saw that the only hope of peace was in disarming the Druzes, as Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt had done a year before. This he proceeded to do, when Fuad Pasha not only countermanded the order, but directed that all the arms that had been taken should be restored. Kmetty resigned his commission in the army, and was induced to remain in service only with great effort;

but he soon left for the north on leave of absence.

The trials of the Moslem officials were mere farces; no evidence was admitted by the court which implicated them, while everything against other parties was carefully recorded.

At last, after a severe winter of cold and storm, of hunger, sickness, and turmoil, with murders here and there, with threatened uprisings, and with shameful delay and fraud on the part of the Government, the spring and its labors opened. The five commissioners of the great European Powers agreed upon a plan for the government of Syria. Fuad Pasha was to be viceroy, General Kmetty governor of Lebanon with a Christian army, representatives of the five Powers to reside in Beirût, with power to interfere in certain cases for the protection of Christians. As might be expected, this, the only feasible plan, was vetoed by the Sultan. The whole question was then referred to the Congress of Paris. There it was decided that

the French occupation should continue till May 18th, when further plans would be made. They remained for many months, until the country was brought to a state of comparative peace, and through new complications in European politics they were withdrawn.

As the poor, suffering refugees crowded into Beirût from the very beginning of the troubles, energetic measures were promptly taken to relieve their wants. An Anglo-American Committee was formed, and contributions were solicited and received from many sources in Syria, and from foreign lands.

The admiral of the English fleet sent ashore several thousand pounds of sea-biscuit, and afterward an iron tank holding a hundred gallons, for making soup. Work was given to the men as fast as it could be obtained. The Government gave to many of the widows and orphans six cents a day. By the end of August the number of those helped every day exceeded 10,000. In November, the number had

increased to 27,000, to many of whom beds and clothing were given besides food: 2,000 garments were given out every week. Every available house in Beirût was taken for their shelter, and still hundreds were left to sleep in any place they could find, and to live in the streets.

Up to the end of the year the contributions to the relief fund exceeded $[illegible]00,000. Of this, about $60,000 had been expended for food, $20,000 for clothing, $2,000 for bedding, $5,000 for medical relief, and $10,000 for seed-wheat. Besides this, some $300,000 were sent from France, most of which was spent in repairing and rebuilding churches, houses, and convents, and even in Papal propagandism.

CHAPTER XX.

THE COUNTRY.

SYRIA is a general name for the country that closes up the Mediterranean Sea at its eastern end. It extends inland until it meets the deserts of Upper Arabia upon the east and south, while on the north and northwest it is separated from Armenia by the mountain range of Taurus, and from Mesopotamia by the river Euphrates.

The most striking feature of the interior is a mountain chain reaching from Sinai upon the south until it is linked with Taurus upon the north. In its passage through Southern Syria, or Palestine, this chain divides itself into two ranges. The western supports Jerusalem at a level of two thousand five hundred feet above the Mediterranean, but sinks gradually as it advances northward, until its elevation is

scarcely five hundred feet, when it rises again and becomes Mount Lebanon, lifting itself ten thousand feet above the level of the shore. The eastern range—the mountains of Gilead, of Ammon, and of Moab, from whose top Moses looked over into the Promised Land—although generally lower than the western, gains suddenly in height after passing the Sea of Tiberias, and, taking the name of Anti-Lebanon, confronts the opposing range for sixty miles, culminating in the majestic Mount Hermon, twelve thousand feet high. The whole country, it will be seen, is thus divided into three distinct parts: the extreme western, a narrow strip of lowland, bordering upon the coast, occasionally widening out into broad and fertile plains, as the Plain of Sharon; the central portion, in which the great mountains lie, embracing the renowned valley of Baalbec, the Sea of Tiberias, the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea; and lastly the extreme eastern portion, forming a bare and sandy plateau, in

which Damascus lies, a rich oasis, but whose wide plains are scarcely trodden except by lawless Bedawin, and are lost at length in the advancing desert.

These physical characteristics have determined in a great measure the history of Syria; they are plainly connected with its present position, and they affect directly the operations of the missionaries there now.

The harbors of its western shores, though few and poor, the various products of its thus diversified climate, and the wealth of Lebanon's timber created the commerce of ancient Phœnicia, of Sidon, and of Tyre. The two hundred thousand hard-working mountaineers who cultivate to-day the valleys and the heights of Lebanon, enjoy a freedom little known in the East, and boast that their mountain is the only spot in Turkey where a Mohammedan may with impunity change his faith, while their bold and manly character has already proved itself a good stock upon which

to engraft the principles of an aggressive Christianity. These sudden and great geographical diversities, in a country but little larger than England, cause seasons ordinarily separated by months to be there divided by hours. A morning's ride will exchange the heat of July for the bracing winds of March, or the frosts of December for the flowers of May. The Arabian poets have very truly said that Mount Lebanon bears Winter upon his head, Spring upon his shoulders, and Autumn in his bosom, while Summer lies sleeping at his feet.

Were it not for this noble range, giving the missionaries, for four months in the year, a home far above the sultry air of the coast—where they may still continue to preach the gospel—the efforts to evangelize Syria must have been attended with a most certain and painful sacrifice of life, if indeed they had not been wholly abandoned. Any reference here to the history of Syria would be entirely inadequate, if not altogether out of place, for its

name is joined in our memories with that of every great conqueror from Pharaoh to Napoleon.

Throughout the whole of Syria one language is universally prevalent—the Arabic. The people, though having a common national descent from the Arabian stock, are divided into numerous religious sects.

About thirty thousand Jews still linger around their decaying holy cities—Tiberias, Safed, Hebron, and Jerusalem. They are mostly foreigners, from Poland or elsewhere, degraded and despised. The great mass of the people are Moslems—strict Mohammedans; and it may be well to class with these the one hundred thousand Druzes, or heretical Mohammedans, inhabiting Mount Lebanon, whose hardy tribes acknowledge a sort of feudal subjection to their Emirs, and as to religion conform outwardly to whatever sect is predominant, maintaining a close secrecy as to all the distinguishing doctrines of their own. In addition to the Druzes

there are two or three smaller sects farther north, such as the Nusairîyeh, whose secret doctrines, even after the exposures of late years, are imperfectly known. They appear to be somewhat of a mixture of Mohammedanism and ancient heathenism.

The nominal Christians number about five hundred thousand. Half of them are members of the proper Oriental Greek Church, and have relied on the protection of Russia. Their patriarch resides at Damascus. A part of them seceded some years since to the Papal Church, and are called Greek Catholics, or United Greeks. Both these sects enjoy the rare privilege in the East of having their religious services performed in their native Arabic tongue. Besides these, there are one hundred thousand Maronites. This people is characterized by an almost unqualled reverence and devotedness to the Pope, and implicit obedience to their priests. They inhabit Lebanon throughout its entire range. France has claimed to be their protector from

the times of the Crusades. Besides these, there are Jacobites, Syrians, Syrian Catholics, Armenians, Armenian Catholics, and Latins. The latter—the genuine Roman Catholics—are few, but support extensive convents at Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, whose establishments, schools and churches and generous dispensaries, cost annually nearly $100,000.

The general character and influence of Mohammedanism is sufficiently well known. Although the regions over which it is spread are naturally the fairest of the globe—the earliest home of civilization and true religion—and although the tribes of its professors rank among the noblest races of men, its most prominent and legitimate fruits are found to be arrogance, cruelty, ignorance, disinclination to improvement, a paralysis of industry, and a shameless sensuality. The history and doctrines of Mohammedanism have given it the position of a haughty contempt for Christianity. It sprang up from a corrupted Christianity, and is virtually

a Christian heresy. Churches without piety, and practically without the Bible, since it was in an unknown tongue, opposed little obstacle to the early energy of Mohammed's simple faith; and a degeneracy which has deepened with every age, has made the professors of Christianity in the East even worse than the Mohammedans, and drawn upon them the most deserved contempt, while it has confirmed the Moslem in his errors. This is the position of things described by the early missionaries, and such, substantially, it is still.

A definite law, executed with fatal energy, has hitherto sealed Mohammedanism against the efforts of Christian missions. Apostasy has been almost certain death. For the past forty years, however, political causes have wrought a great change in liberalizing and humbling the Moslem. A military supremacy, at least, he has been obliged to concede to the nations of the West; he had condescended to borrow European tactics, and begun to

suspect that he may yet learn something from them in other matters. From the wonderful events of the Crimean War, God brought out the Turkish Empire with just strength enough still to extend a levelling law over its wrangling Christian sects, to the prevention of intolerance; and with weakness enough to allow Christian missionaries free access even to its Mohammedan population, and, nominally at least, to allow entire religious freedom to its 35,000,000 subjects.

The firman of the Sultan, called Hatti Sheriff, issued June 6th, 1853, on the eve of the Crimean War, abolished the death penalty attached to apostasy from Islamism. It has made a vast difference in the work of the missionaries among the Moslems; but its immediate effect was to arouse the fanaticism of the old-school Mohammedans, still further to weaken the authority of the Sultan in the distant provinces, while the suspicions against Protestants were, in many cases, changed to

fear and hate, and their aggressive and penetrating advance was opposed by a persecution as fierce as fear of the Western Powers would allow. And it was only in the capital of the empire, and in those towns where European commerce and influence are most felt, that this firman was really valid. In these places, some Mussulmans have already united with the Protestant churches, but in the far-off strongholds of Mohammedan bigotry and violence, Christians themselves have suffered as much as ever. The only hope is in the gradual liberalizing and humbling of the Mohammedans through European intercourse, and especially through European power. Thus much for the Mohammedans. It might be added that some, perhaps no slight preparation for their ultimate reception of the gospel, is found in the simple monotheism of their faith, their abhorrence of all idolatry, their partial apprehension of a spiritual religion, and their partial acknowledgment of

the authority of the Sacred Scriptures. The Moslem, however, believes the Bible to be so interpolated as no longer to contain the real law of Moses or the pure gospel of Christ. The idea of the Trinity, according to his apprehension of it, he abhors, and rejects every hint of an atonement.

The nominal Christians of the East are divided in general into three divisions: the 150,000 Copts of Egypt; the Greeks, numbering 3,000,000, spread all over the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, and embracing the Georgian nation; and the Armenians, a distinct people, numbering 2,000,000.

These all, though forming the relics of churches originally planted by the apostles, have, as is well known, entirely lost the essential principles of the gospel.

Baptism, in their belief, cancels guilt, and is synonymous with regeneration. Sins are divided into *venial* and *deadly*. Venial sins are not fatal to the soul, and are balanced

by pious ceremonies, of which mass is the principal. This is esteemed a renewal of the death of Christ. Its merit reaches not only the actual partakers, but all the baptized, living or dead, who by paying the priests have their names mentioned in the prayers which form a part of the ceremony. "This," remarks Dr. Smith, "is the greatest error of those erring churches, and the one to which they are most obstinately attached." Thus renewing the sacrifice of Christ, the clergy become a priesthood to offer sacrifice, instead of a ministry to preach a finished and a free atonement. Preaching, of every kind, is almost entirely neglected. Believing the eucharist to be the veritable Son of God, they worship it plainly and directly, under penalty of excommunication. By this and similar antidotes, original sin and venial trangressions are disposed of, and the soul works its way toward heaven.

As to deadly sins, these are made out to be very numerous, so much so that every one com-

mits them daily; but they will sink a soul to eternal punishment, *unless*—unless confessed to the priest, and absolved by him to whom God has given up his pardoning power.

These absolutions are not directly sold—at least, it is denied that they are—but the penances annexed are of such a character generally as to bring money into the pockets of the priests; so that the vices and sins of men are made a direct source of income to the clergy. Penance, which completes the conditional absolution of the priests, consists of such ceremonies as fasting, alms-giving, and prayer. As for fasts, every one feels at perfect liberty to grumble about them, and to make up for his denial by a feast at the close. Alms are given for the benefit of the giver, not the recipient; hence beggars are very efficient assistants in the work of salvation, and begging accordingly rises to the character of a profession: as might be expected, it is very popular. Praying is as much a work of the lips as a carpenter's work is of his hands

It is regarded as so much to be gone through with, and it is not strange at all to leave off any-where to drive a bargain or scold a child, and then return to the work. Purgatory is a place designed for those who die before penance is complete, where they are detained until the priests are paid for masses to terminate their sufferings. To quicken forgetful relatives, it is not unusual to place around the grave-yards rude representations, carved or painted, of the souls of the departed, tormented in the fire. This atrocious resort of a mercenary priesthood has its effect. Nowhere is death looked forward to with such terror and dread.

The lives of these people correspond to their corrupted faith. The monastic clergy are no-toriously vile. As for the masses, a summary justice has made crimes against the law of the State less frequent, perhaps, than in some parts of Europe. But as the power of the Sultan is weakening, crime is increasing, and in some parts of the provinces, where anarchy gives

license, the condition of things is fearful; while *everywhere* theft, lying, profaneness, and sensuality prevail beyond all ordinary conception. In the centre of Syria, in a region where wild and turbulent partisans tried to renew the atrocities of feudal times, an English missionary reported some years ago that immediately about him fifty murders had been committed in about three months. The same man said to some American guests who were passing an evening at his house, when the room was filled with a mixed company of Arabs, Moslems, and Christians, as he looked around the room, "There is not a man here whose word I'd take upon any matter whatever. Stop" said he; "I believe there is *one;*" and he pointed him out as a curiosity.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MISSIONS.

THE foregoing statements may be taken as a fair account of that dark and disorganized mass of ignorance, turbulence, and sin which the missionaries to Syria have ventured to attack. *They* are the true successors of the apostles, rekindling the light of a spiritual Christianity upon the very shores from which Paul embarked—a missionary to the Gentiles. Their labors and their perils are almost identical with his; their only hope of safety, under God, the same as that of the apostle—a noble citizenship.

Messrs. Parsons, Fiske, Goodell, King, and Bird, between the years 1819 and 1823, were the pioneers of missions in Syria. Parsons and Fiske died almost at the outset of their work, but their triumphant and joyful death impressed

those who saw it with the belief that this religion had an excellence entirely foreign to their own. The preaching of formal sermons to regular congregations, though tried at first, was soon dispensed with. It was deemed preferable to take less ostentatious, though perhaps quite as effectual and scriptural ways of access to the hearts of the people: personal intercourse in mutual visits and private conversation was adopted, the mode most frequently made use of by our Saviour; and now, as then, the habits of the people are peculiarly favorable to it. Time is a cheap commodity in those countries, and curiosity will always find leisure. At first, scarcely half a day passed without the missionaries being visited by natives. Many came secretly, like Nicodemus. For conversation with such, Mr. Bird had a private room, accessible without passing through any other part of his house. He used sometimes to be called up at night by persons from abroad.

Family prayers afforded another occasion

of communicating religious instruction. These were held in Arabic, and the doors thrown open Each one of those who came in read a verse in turn, the missionaries explained as they saw fit, animated discussions arose every evening, and a prayer closed the whole.

On Sabbath, two more public meetings, like Bible classes, were held: the room was often filled, and most interesting discussions sprang up. The Bible spoke with peculiar force to those who were daily conversant with the scenery and customs and the very vices amid which the Bible was penned. Several conversions followed; and whoever reads the simple narrative of the life and death of Asaad Shidiak, the first convert and the first martyr of Syria, will find a reformer as brave as Luther, and a martyr more steadfast than Cranmer. He published and defended his theses in defiance of the bishops and was willing, all alone, to meet the storm of cursing and excommunication from the Church. Even his relatives persecuted him with the

bitterest hate. He appeared defenceless before his enemies, but was borne off with violence to a distant and secluded convent, where he was cast into prison. For several months he was beaten daily; a chain was put around his neck, and the other end fastened to a ring in the wall. The common people were encouraged to visit him and to spit in his face, and otherwise insult him; but his spirit remained unbroken through all, and his faith firm. At last communication was cut off: a dreadful uncertainty hangs over his fate; but the sad conclusion was forced upon his friends that he perished in the hands of his unrelenting tormentors.

A system of schools was early put in operation by the missionaries. This was indispensable to the planting of a faith grounded in a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. The children, too, formed a congregation to be preached to and were brought daily under the influence of religious truth.

The instruction of the girls was looked

upon with peculiar interest. Women are there. owing to their ignorance, the strongholds of superstition, while their influence checks the inquiries of their husbands and fastens the shackles of bigotry upon their children.

The circulation of books was considered an important item in missionary operations. The press, in modern missions, it has been said, almost takes the place of the gift of tongues in apostolic missions: the only hindrance to its influence is the inability of a vast portion of the inhabitants to read. Hence the absolute necessity of schools. The experience of the missionaries has shown, however, that the press has little value *alone*. The moment the endeavor is made to push the work of the press before the missionary, the attempt is a failure Its value is as an instrument, an auxiliary, to be employed by living men.

This, in the main, is the system, these are the instrumentalities which have been employed for more than fifty years in Syria,

except that circumstances, of late years, have invited to a more general and public preaching of the gospel, and to the establishment of still higher schools for the education of a native ministry. Syria has meantime been often a battle-field: Turkey, Egypt, and the Western Powers have fought there, and civil war has distracted Mount Lebanon again and again. Once the missionaries were forced to leave altogether, and often their operations have been hindered.

The missionaries, by their evident disinterestedness, their fearless devotion to the good of others amid the horrors of disastrous earthquakes, or the more subtle dangers of contagion and malignant treachery, have won the entire confidence of multitudes of their professed enemies; death-bed confessions have shown this. An Arab priest, in the prospect of immediate dissolution, called upon God to have mercy upon his soul. His children he gave to one of the missionaries "Let him take

them," said he; "he may teach them his religion, and anything he chooses. He is a good man; he will be a father to them; they shall be his."

Relatives and friends, in that trying hour, were set aside for the missionary, a foreigner and a stranger, whose *life* was an unanswerable appeal to the heart of an open foe. It is in the light of such considerations as these that we are to judge what those have accomplished, not only in Syria, but upon every mission field, who have died even at the outset of their missionary career. They have laid the corner-stone of evangelical convictions in the hearts of the heathen. The calm and joyful tones of one thus entering the dark shadows of the dreary valley, so different from the troubled horror taught them by a mercenary superstition, or the stoical silence with which the Moslem fatalist lies down to die, speak to the deepest convictions and the deepest longings of the heathen's heart. Here is an argument which he can

understand, and which he cannot forget—the ting of death removed—death swallowed up in victory.

The Syrian mission, it is all-important to observe, is laboring, and is laboring almost alone, for the whole Arab race. This noble race reaches from the frontiers of India to the Straits of Gibraltar, and from the mountains of Armenia to the Straits of Bab el Mandeb. They number forty millions. Their language is one, and the press at Beirût is engaged in a work which may truly be termed sublime—the work of infusing into this language a Christian literature, at the rate of many million pages every year. The translation of the Bible into such a language is a work which an angel might covet. It is not to supply the oracles of God to a few hundreds of islanders upon the Pacific, great as this work would be—nor to Indian tribes fast hastening to extinction; but to a vast, undying race, whose millions follow the course of the Tigris, the

Euphrates, the Nile, the Niger, and whose wandering tribes encamp upon the plains of Syria, the deserts of Arabia, the sands of Africa, and upon the heights of Lebanon, Sinai, and Mount Atlas.

